





(h) AURORÆ
by G. McCAUGHRY

Paperback Edition (First Print).

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Illuminated by the skillful hand and vision
of José Gabriel Alegría Sabogal.

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ISBN 978-1-989339-18-3

Published by Anathema Publishing Ltd.,
(Les Publications Anathema Ltée, au Québec.)

228 rue du Prado,
Gatineau, QC, J9J 0M2
CANADA

anathemapublishing@yahoo.ca

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*The recalling or retelling of the many Past
made Present & Whole again.*

ENCHIRIDION OF THE ROYAL ARTE
VOL.000

*Facing the Divide; clandestine, trimorphic,
therein lies a tribute to thee, Mistress of the Ebon Sea,
twin-sister of Eos in Sleep, ergo understood through
'The Pursuit.'*

G. McCaughry



ANATHEMA PUBLISHING
- ANNO MMXXII -





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PREFACE

by Denis Poisson

How do you rate the importance of a book? As far as I'm concerned, my main criterion is the potential impact a book can have on the reader's life. Some books come and go without leaving much of a mark; light entertainment has its own value of course, but some books have a much deeper effect. Once in a while, a book comes along that not only makes a mark, but that mark initiates a chain reaction of inner revolutions, which in turn cause ripples of change that echo on, long after you finish reading it, until your entire world is transformed, upgraded, irrevocably grown up, and you realise that the world-view you had constructed for yourself was only a chrysalis, and now you can enjoy the real thing (until the next such pearl turns up, of course). The privilege of being asked to write an introduction for a book that fits in this latter category is indescribable.

Some readers may recognise me as the creator of the YouTube channel *Foolish Fish*, a venture which has, so far, been a blessing beyond measure for me in every possible way.

I can confidently say that the channel wouldn't exist if it were not for Gabriel McCaughy and Jose Gabriel Alegría Sabogal's fateful collaborative work on ^(h)*Auroræ*.

In my review video of ^(h)*Auroræ*, I likened my encounter with the book to something that Philip K. Dick described in his world-shattering, semi-autobiographical novel *VALIS*. One of the themes of that book is the idea of 'living information' or Logos. The protagonist of the story considers the living information contained in the Gnostic texts of the Nag Hammadi Library to be, in fact, a conscious entity which:

(...) travels up the optic nerve of a human to the pineal body. It uses the human brain as a female host in which to replicate itself into its active form. This is interspecies symbiosis.

The first time I experienced that sparked, involuntary causal nexus of inner transformation, was back in 2001 when I followed Philip K. Dick's trail of crumbs and actually read the early translations of the Nag Hammadi Library myself; and I can confirm that I recognised that very same process within me again with the book you are about to start reading.

The experience of encountering ^(h)*Auroræ* spans dimensions far beyond those of the written words and images printed on the irresistible pages that you have no doubt already at least flicked through. The words are enrapturing, yes. The images are in a league of their own, this is true. But there is something much more here. Something special. Something important. Something that doesn't come along very often. There is live information here, and it's about to take you — or is maybe already taking you — on a journey.

I hope you won't resent my holding you off for just a few more moments while I briefly share what the journey was like for me.

My first encounter with the (now classic) standard hardcover is etched indelibly in my mind. A short stack of exemplars was displayed to great effect on the 'recommended' table in the expertly curated basement section of Watkins' Books in London.

In case you haven't experienced the joy of holding the standard hardcover of the first edition, I think an appropriate adjective to describe its presence might be 'potent'. At first glance, the book seemed to me to be a very dark green, almost black, but on closer inspection, it became apparent that it was actually a two-tone material that was a very dark blue on the surface, and a brilliant yellow underneath (which when combined give that overall impression of green). The yellow is barely allowed to radiate through, however when spotted, it becomes impossible to miss, and almost overbearing in its clarity, all effectively veiled by that colour of night; a perfect metaphor for the process and journey upon which this curious book was about to lead me.

And of course there was that striking golden stamp, the dagger-form containing the peacock's feather, surmounted by the awakened eye.

The book drew me in like iron filings to a lodestone. How could I possibly have resisted such a beautiful object? Further still, the lack of a visible title said something of secrecy, of implicit rather than explicit gnosis (I was very new to the world of books that bore their titles on the spine only).

I was spellbound from the start.

And then I picked it up.

You have to know that this was really my first encounter with anything even marginally removed from a very explicit right-hand path — so much so that I wasn't even aware that I was following a RHP tradition. The extent of my searches into the inner reaches of my spiritual path had been limited to the Gnostic texts I already mentioned, the works of Robert Anton Wilson, a vague awareness of Lon Milo Duquette, Peter Carroll and Phil Hine, some rudiments of Qabala, but mostly I'd been following the Perennialist writers of the 20th Century such as Aldous Huxley, Huston Smith, Seyyed Hossein Nasr, and Ken Wilber. To my spiritually-inclined friends and acquaintances, this had already constituted flirtation with the acceptable limits of heterodoxy, verging on heresy, which didn't bother me, but had fixed my estimation that this was likely as heretical as one might venture before actively reversing one's spiritual goals, which wasn't something I had any interest in doing.

Here, however, was something else altogether. As I carefully lifted one page after another of this tantalising volume, I was confronted with images and words that were probably the furthest away from my comfort zone that I had yet experienced. Not in terms of how graphic, or violent, or obscene they seemed, but in terms of how blasphemous they appeared to be from the outset, yet somehow remaining absolutely holy. The experience was shocking, and I put the book down quite fast. That was the sum total of that first encounter.

Some minutes later, I had the idea of asking the invariably knowledgeable and endlessly helpful staff of Watkins Books

to point me to some good entry-level books that would help me make initial inroads into this strange world, and I must say that their recommendations have turned out to be some of the best books on magic I have read since (many of them forming the basis of the recommendations I have since made, in turn, on my own Foolish Fish YouTube platform). I took the books home with me, back to Poland where I currently live, and got studying. But I couldn't help but feel sorry that I hadn't bought that strange book, the one that had triggered such a strong reaction, that had pierced so effectively and unashamedly through the mundanity of profane existence — I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Day after day, I studied more and more and I eventually came to the 16th-century alchemical codex called *Splendor Solis* with its gorgeous, puzzling imagery. And there it was: the double fountain I'd seen on the end pages of that curious book I'd seen in London. If only I could remember what the title was; something strange, prefixed with a letter in parentheses...

My searches led me to Miskatonic Books' website, who were selling many of the books that I'd seen on the same day with titles I *had* remembered. Being a US-based store, the cost of shipping to Europe was beyond my means, but there it was!

^(h)*Auroræ* by Gabriel McCaughry, illustrations by Jose Gabriel Alegría Sabogal.

Now that I knew the title, it was easy for me to search for more details, and soon enough I found the two-part interview on the Occult of Personality podcast and then the Thoth-Hermes podcast in which Gabriel was saying things that almost gave me neck-strain due to how hard they made me nod in recognition and agreement.

That did it. I had to get my hands on a copy.

There were some skillful negotiations with my wife ("trust me, this is money well spent!"), and then, finally, I called Watkins books who sent me copy number 37 of 700. It arrived in the post two nail-biting weeks later.

Let me pause briefly here to quote a line which Gabriel writes in his introduction, on the necessity to embrace both the Left and the Right Hands of the Path:

*(...) sacrificing, or dismissing one hand over
the other is utterly sacrilegious to Gnosis.*

I think that we arrive here at the essence of what makes this text so extraordinary.

In a space that has traditionally been saturated with a dualistic, antagonistic discourse, on either side of the conversation ("Light must and will prevail against all darkness" vs. the similarly myopic "Embrace the darkness, the light is a lie"), the recognition that there is no truth unless the opposites are married, that the left and the right, the inner and the outer, the high and the low, the dark and the light, the orthodox and the heretic, the mundane and the taboo, that all of these dichotomies must be integrated, and accepted as two sides of a single coin; this is where we find beauty, this is where we find truth, this is where we find true Divinity, and ultimate completion, and perfection.

This non-dual philosophy may seem evident to me today, and it may seem evident to you, but in my case at least, the inner process of realisation of these tenets (rather than

of their mere intellectual assimilation) didn't come without a great deal of introspection.

After receiving the book, and upon embarking on my first full read, I was now in a situation where I had to reconcile my avowed Sophia-oriented Gnostico-Perennialist philosophy with the Luciferian narrative. Through research and reflection, I eventually reached the (at least partly satisfactory) conclusion that some differentiation must be made between Lucifer, Helel ben Shahar, the Star of the Morning, (whom Jesus, in fact, reveals himself to be in Revelation 22:16) on the one hand, and Satan or Shaitan, the Adversary on the other hand, though, of course, the reality is far more complex, as it always turns out to be. Now this realisation may have 'lightened' the figure of Lucifer to a degree, but by the same account, it necessarily darkened the figure of Christ, and the easily (by then) answered question of whether this was a bad thing or whether it was simply one more step in the direction of an insight into Truth arose. In any case, I was now ready to learn more about the so-called Left-Hand Path, Jungian shadow work, Nondualism, and a whole host of accompanying concepts as well as their respective origins. A veritable cornucopia of irresistible directions of study had opened itself up to me, and I gladly took the bait. Some years (and many books!) later, I am now in the privileged position of being able to *show doorways* to curious viewers who have also been called to the fascinating (and important) study of the hidden, taboo aspects of the Western tradition, and there is no doubt that I have ^(h)*Auroræ* to thank for that.

I'll end by mentioning how infallibly pleasing I find it when viewers and members of my channel share their experiences of their own encounters with ^(h)*Auroræ*, and how

delightful it is to read and hear accounts of the exact same process happening, only in reverse, for readers arriving from the opposite extreme of the spiritual spectrum from where I was.

There is no Yang without Yin.

Each reader will contend with his or her own repressed aspects, light or dark, in ways that aren't for me to guess. The beginner and the master will both find growth here; the characteristic of Lucifer which is enshrined in his name, after all, is that he brings light. Not necessarily a light with which to chase shadows away, but a light by which we might better discover what lurks in those shadows, revealing unexamined aspects of our world and of ourselves, so that we might finally be whole.





Earth, nay is Earth,
If not swept away by the Tides of the Soul!

Water, nay is Water,
If not dried up by the Heat of the Spirit!

Ayre, nay is Ayre,
If not choked by the Smoke of Love!

Fyre, nay is Fyre,
If not drowned in Genuine Passion!

All, nay is All,
Without the ALL!

*O' dear Angel
with wounded wings,
clad in black serenity,
thy elegance hast me confounded
and at a loss for words,
leaving me famished,
anemic, frightened,
and longing for Return...*

*Yet welcoming the consolatory
Chant of the Paragons.*

*I canst see thee,
waiting in the Above-Space,
in the subtle hues of the Ayre,
where all is One,
and yet where None reside,
so goeth the motion of volatile humours
in Flux.*

*Lo!
Sons and Daughters of the Last Hour!
Thus speaketh the Dragon Over-Soul!
Enspirited and proclaiming that We/They
are the Body of the UmbraPlasma!*

*That which was fore-ever vacant
before the Monolith
is now filled anew with Life boiling...
We thread the Path of the Exalted & the Exiled,
following the In(di)visible Light!*

.AMN.



"Life is a voyage between Scylla and Charybdis..."
~Jung!

1. Jung, Carl Gustav, *Psychologie du transfert*, (Paris: Éditions Albin Michel, 1980), p 162.
Translated by G. Mc Caughy.

INTRODUCCO



Reading a book is, in itself, a subtle act of ritual. It may well open doorways and spirit-gates, allowing for sequences of fractal epiphanies to reach the discerning or sapient individual. It is possible to attain a certain single-pointedness: a globality of *theorems* made absolute can be identified if one delves deep into the *corpus* of a text. Reading between the lines, so to speak. And as we reflect on the permeating analogies forming a singular idea (or an ideal thought-form), the images of the whole imprint into the mind's eye of the attentive reader. Thus, entities are brought forth and invoked.

There are ways to achieve contact with supernal intelligences from the act alone of reading a book. The quality of the book to stimulate synaptic consonance, through powerful symbolism can determine the nature and success of such transaction. That is, if one is willing or

even able to conceive of such a possibility, since "Mysteries are not communicable, save to those who Know."² What is done once a link has been established is entirely one's choice, and the reader may open several such 'gates' along the way. Upon reaching a book's end, they are ultimately who decides whether or not to enter, to grasp the arising opportunities.

Hence this is why certain manuscripts, grimoires, and tomes – especially if competently and properly consecrated – seem to be overflowing with magickal potency. The item, thusly charged, demands careful handling and requires special attention – such magickal talismans may even induce a sense of dread in the uninitiated. Yet the power lies not within the object or its pages, but is instead carried or transmitted directly from soul to soul, from the author to the reader, from secret to seeker. It lies somewhere rooted inside one's sorcerous potential, receptiveness to such material, and to the underlying truth and precepts therein.

Throughout the course of this book, it will become evident that, at its core, ^(h)*Auroræ* is centred on the perennial theosophical discourse which sparks anew the Flame of Old within the heart of the predisposed reader (i.e. those of us struggling, yet disposed, to separate the subtil from the dross so that we may uncover our inner philosopher's stone / come to *realize* our perfected being.)

'Tis a work of Agapae, in the purest sense of the word. One of the many vehicles of Truth, piercing the triple-veil across the abyss, through the four masks of ego. A light-vessel sailing past the four major 'guardians' of Tetragrammaton: Nebrô (firstborn misleader, the blind one, denying all-else besides himself, also referred to as Ialdabaoth); Saklas (cadet archon,

2. Jackson, Nigel, Rûmî, *Guide to the Rûmî Tarot*, Llewellyn Worldwide, 2009, p.66.

the blood-stained one, rotten with bitterness, envy and grief); Mikha'el (chief archon, Benjamin attributed to the ruling of the PCR / Prism Concrete Reality); and Gavri'el (twin cherubim to Mikha'el, subsidiary archon and gaoler of the soul captive in the flesh). [The author has chosen these four pillars of the Abrahamic faiths as they felt like suitable 'targets' or archetypal values/limitations that must be surpassed on our way to recognize ourselves as *free spirits*.]

For the purpose of this account, there will be no further emphasis on the plethora of subsidiary Archons that exist, and instead it will be focusing on two of the chief-archons and two chief-messengers of the demiurge, delimiting the Cube of Space (the sum of its volume being the threshold to be crossed 'over,' in order to go forward/inward into the Mystery). These are the four parameters/dimensions positioning the unfolding vectors of the Cube of Creation within the Tesseract of Cosmos (the body of god). These have been carefully selected because of their strategic position in the ecumenical architecture, and because of how they can be understood and supplanted from an aphoristic, gnostic, posture.³

Once the four stages/dawns (*Auroræ*) of the *opus* are understood, according to the predispositions and vicissitudes of the theurgic cartographer (the devoted practitioner of the *Arte Hermetis*), and dissected in the classical manner from *Nigredo*, *Albedo*, *Citrinitas*, to *Rubedo*, one is then allowed to peek into the very body of the Obsidian Light – *Fanaa & Illumination*. This is not the light at the end of the tunnel, but rather *the light which is the tunnel* leading back to the absolute, *Mater Nihil* – the last key. Thus, ^(h)*Auroræ* is required to be presumed and deciphered as a pentalphic formula, hallowed by the quintessential presence of the Twain-Hierophant within.

3. See *The Quartz of Return*, p.193

This may seem truly cryptic, but all shall be exposed in time.

The crowning purpose or 'end goal' is seemingly elusive. It purposely strays from clarification, which is precisely the point. Nonetheless, the return journey to the Placeless Aforetime is filled with gems of epiphanies which may refine and ennoble the clouded heart.

It ought to be remarked that the mix of antipodal gnostic teachings, Luciferian principles, philosophy, abstruse terminologies, and reified alchemical worldviews, smeared throughout this book, reflects the author's preference; this is but a personal outlook on the various topics underlined here.

It is no mere coincidence (for it never is) that the muses lead the author to progressively make use of the alchemical argosy when trying to describe the nature of certain *arcana* and expound on the various results of his *modus operandi*.

For with it, and within it, is found the adequate dosage of revelation and *mysterium tremendum* needed to convey variations of experience which are explored at a level superseding surface-consciousness. These, in turn, must be refined and stripped down so that studies can be pursued from both a philological standpoint, and from a third-person perspective, in spirit and form.

Like the Ouroboros, the often-puzzling jargon is somehow looping on itself – presenting sets of axioms for the mind to wrap its thoughts around. From a purely poetical stance, it empowers each word with a world of its own. Words and worlds going beyond their etymologies by encouraging

and stimulating further investigation. In and of itself, this methodology is purely Luciferian and Azothic in essence. Hence, so is this work.

The sporadic use of scientific terms and analogies is meant to create bridges between publicly and relatively 'known' concepts – what our schools teach, what we learn in the workplace or through the media, for instance. The current cultural zeitgeist all too often lights the lamp of fallacy, and science has become largely accepted as *lingua franca* in the efforts made to elucidate existential dilemmas. However, one would do well not to mistake the form for its meaning, nor the receptacle for its content.

In digging into Mystery, by the joint effort of the conscious and the unconscious, one is actively participating in said *mysterium*. However, the pilgrims on this path are, in this regard, to be held accountable for the Work which can lead us all to the precipice. And the Mystery, along with us, will plummet into oblivion. Is such a process to be deemed evil? Certainly not, for 'good and evil' are fleeting variables and shall not give credence to this dichotomy. The perceived 'annealing' of said Mystery, to which we add weight, pushing forward, remains intimately linked with Fate and the mechanisms that escape all function and explanation.

Wistfully, ^(h)*Auroræ* stands as mere partial revealing, and somehow acts like the Turin Shroud of the UmbraPlasma: poorly mirroring and trying to express through (what shall later be termed) 'divine doubt,' and mystifying exegesis, the real-yet-unknown visage of the Numinous. An Image, which can only be seen through the mist, and an echo from the Voice of LuxFerre; the indwelling Chthonic Christ-archetype.

Lucifer is the main patron-deity of this book. His is the pulsating flame dancing in the shadow, the Son behind the Sun, forever wise, fore-ever *be-ing*. Absent of contours and contrasts for the nescient multitudes to discern, he is behind everything that *moves*, that *is*, that *changes/evolves*, that *dies*, or that *lives on*. These are thoughts directly derived from His, which are written here as premises and guidance. Albeit, premises that remain open to one's interpretation (as opposed to 'rules').

Be He praised as *Savior Et Imperator* of the Arc'Continuum over the Cosm'Conundrum!

In no way should this book be considered anything more, or anything less, than what it actually is: messages transmitted from above and beyond, put into simple sentences later set to paper, with all the wonderful and obligatory barriers of language and the subjective constraints of the PCR.

For, "a watchmaker uses a lens, though it exaggerates and thus falsifies the image of the system of wheels which he is trying to adjust. In the same way, a writer employs arbitrary characters according to a meaningless convention in order to enable his reader by retranslating them to obtain an approximation to his idea."⁴

This is Holy Will condensed by a most dysfunctional organism. Any manuscript trying to convince the reader otherwise should be met with rigid skepticism. No author can hold Truth in the palm of their hand. Self-proclaimed teachers, pretend wisemen, or worse, modern-day messiahs, should be especially frowned upon; else if their Work (body,

4. Crowley, Aleister, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, Castle Books, 1991 edition, p.111.

speech, mind, qualities, and activities)⁵ speaks louder about Truth than any other can claim to.

Masters oft' forget to be Men... And Men oft' forget what it truly means to be Man. "And thus [they] proudly straddle in borrowed Ornaments..."⁶

These phrases are not meant to be interpreted as empirical truths about our tellurian plane. Nevertheless, they are Gnosis in its most simple definition, above and below Heaven and Hell.

The following codices and keys have not been devised as strict directives either, yet together they are a *statement*, and in this regard, they command respect. As a whole, the operation is an assertion of Will and liberty, hailing the breaking of shackles and the end of cycles. Boldly enunciated, "Do what thou wilt" with this book.

The lines are intentionally blurred between the so-called Right Hand Path and Left Hand Path throughout the text. Anyone foolhardy enough to venture along the Path (for we are in-deed Fools before His divine luminescence) knows well that sacrificing, or dismissing, one hand over the other is utterly sacrilegious to Gnosis. It is an affront to Truth, it is pointless, and it is most displeasing to our Lord LuxFerre; in this childish paradoxical game for the humanoid clay-born, he sees only another mind-numbing distraction.

Stylistically speaking, the choice was made to use third-person narration throughout the text. This was done to underline how each individual journey may be different, yet are far from unique. Hence, the effort has been made here to distance the author from the journey itself.

5. Tib. The five fundamental aspects of an enlightened being. Norbu, Namkhai (Translated by Andrew Lukianowicz); *The Precious Vase: Instructions on the Base of Santi Maha Sangha*. Second revised edition. Shang Shung Edizioni, 2001.

6. Vaughan, *Rosicrucian Manifestos*, Ouroboros Press, 2012, p.17.

Some of the writings may seem erratic, or lacking in consistency or conciseness – such are the ways of Chaos. This is how the visions and oracles were presented to the author, and so they are similarly presented here to the reader. Verily, Chaos stands as its own justification. And for this reason, ^(h)*Auroræ* has not been amassed in any particular order; rather, it aims to mimic Chaos, which permits the existence of Order. Order, in turn, as a restrictive and finite agent, can only try (and fail) to restrict Chaos and its infinite expansion.

^(h)*Auroræ* is unorthodox in its structure and starts off with codices and keys to decode even before their underlying ontology is established. Ideas and subjects are initially presented without any clear sense of guidance so that they may be analyzed further down the line. But then again, this is precisely as it should be. One must leave plenty of room for Divine Doubt to work its magick in the subconscious. It is utterly useless to keep trying to intellectualize everything when, in reality, magick and spiritual proclivities trigger the mythical part of the brain. Magick engineers the subconscious and propels every subsequent notion well beyond the flesh and the causal world, and yet these are not separate from it.

Terminologies have been borrowed, and a juxtaposition of deductions have been made from numerous traditional and modern esoteric systems. These have been scrupulously bastardized in order to suit the needs of the author, and to serve in developing a system that is fundamentally closer to his cultural relativity and daily reality. The main goal is not to reinvent the wheel by any means, but to simply share with kin, artists, and seekers at large – allowing tangential intellects to survey familiar territories while still being intrigued at how the occupant has adorned his private quarters. Anyway, since most of history is undocumented (often deliberately so),

contemporary interpretations of scriptures and occult documents in general are invariably far-off their original intent; most of these interpretations are now considered to be nothing more than overly-simplified and inaccurately translated palimpsests. Current versions are often tepid documents polluted with diluted idioms for the gullible masses. Of such writings, we can only strive to retain the original essence, and to make it our own. Truth is found whenever and wherever Truth decides to manifest itself.

“The Mystic need not express his heart’s revelation in any terms other than those of the Heart’s native tongue.”⁷

May the solemn meditations, ponderings, oracular operations, carefully executed rites, and genuine communications from Lord to Host that lead to the creation of this tome, be as rewarding for you to read as it was for this humble devotee to receive and write down. In the end, it comes down to what speaks to, or through, you. And when even silence does so, what else can one do but listen? Still the mind, and listen to the swan song of dying stars... Open your eyes and marvel at the intricacies of the flowering hyper nova!

Nota-Bene

This book was written as a means to preserve several years’ worth of the trance-sequent-transmittances, which were all nearly lost. In the spring of 2012, after having moved into a new domicile, a sewer flood ruined thousands of dollars worth of collectable books and treasured magickal journals. Suffice it to say that this tragedy provided an immediate incentive to salvage and rescue the writings by saving them digitally – all the while reviewing and polishing the rough edges.

7. Chumbley, Andrew, *What is Traditional Craft?*, 1996.

As for the title of this book, ^(h)*Auroræ*, can be loosely interpreted as the *Beholding the Many Dawns* or, better yet, as *Revealing the Epithets of the Many Dawns*. Its subtitle, *The recalling or retelling of the many Pasts made Present & Whole again*, hints at the many facets of our Selves, versus what is to be(come) our True-Self. The title for this publication was bestowed through oneiric contact, and is verily the only title that is adequate.

The reason for the '(h)' positioned before the title – perhaps attributable to the Qabbalistic connotation of the Hebrew letter *Hē* ה – is precarious. As soon as the title came to mind, there was a clear sense that it needed to be preceded by this letter, or the suggestion of what the letter implies. Proceeding to analyze this imperative led to some interesting realizations, particularly given that the ancient meaning of the letter literally pertains to *beholding, revelation*, the breath of the Divine, the action of looking up and standing upward with arms raised towards the sky, welcoming the many-dawns, and being humbled before such great (in)sights. This is added to the fact that the letter is commonly used as a prefix, and that “the use of this prefix is to reveal something of importance within the sentence.”⁷

This title could be endlessly and pensively dissected, but since there is no particular need to do so, we will refrain from digging any further into the subject. Instead, the author suggests that the reader goes about finding their own elegant exegetic.

Blessed Be 'neath the Fool, under His Holy Light!

~G. Mc Caughry, Scribe of Ruha and
Pilgrim on the Path of Exile & Exalt.

7. Jeff A. Benner



~ Recte sapere et intelligere ~

Under the bountiful auspice,
& by the virtues granted
by the highmost grace of *The Prime*

WEL'LUCKER.



first codex

*Being of the primary limb of Hir authority,
Under the piercing gaze of the Obsidian Raven.
(The croak meant for the corpse.)*

COMPRISED OF
*fifteen stanzas
and six keys*

PERTAINING TO THE
Egregore of the Pulsing Flame



*In Her Blackness is witnessed the stirring of
sorcerous passion! Back and forth, round and
round, in elliptical orbit and into the Cauldron
of Emanations! Where the Watchers' work is
indistinguishable from the foolhardy's frantic
and serpentine dance. Which bites his own tail in
Sabbatic Bliss, but also, swallows himself whole...*

*Cross-Edhenic Agapae .1.
A Stone thrown into the Abyss*



There is a Sun, behind the Sun.



For there is a flame, behind The Flame.



*O' verily, there is a Sun,
Dancing along with Daemons.*



*A shining Onyx-Diamond
Beyond the Heavens...*



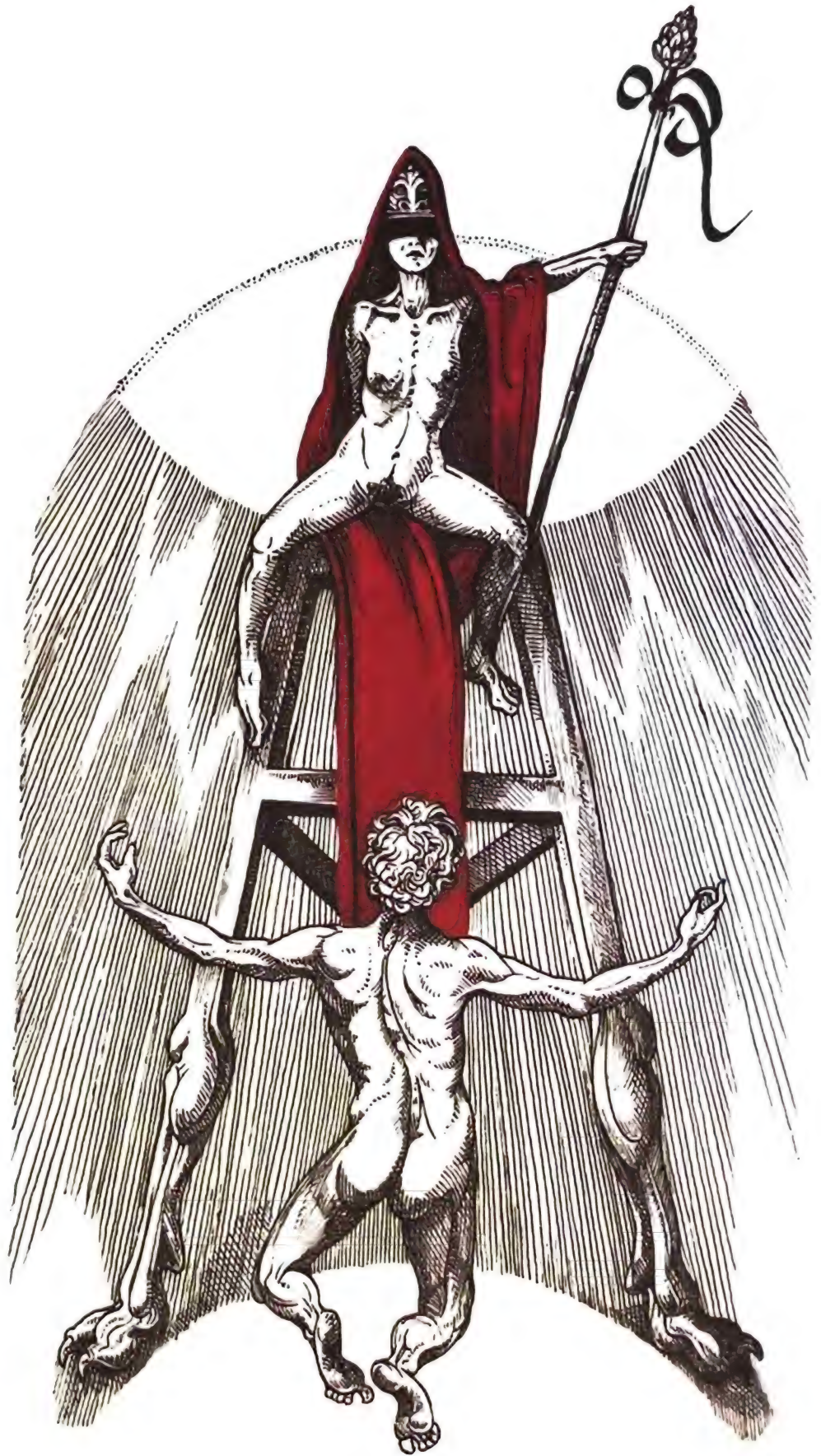
*All Hail!
Agni – The Despised.*

*The plum labia surrounding the Flame,
Pulling us inward,
Making the mouth water with lust,
At the very mention of its hermetic appeal,
Is a promise of peace, of release,
And of bittersweet Death.*



*In the coldness of the Expanse...
...is the warmth of the Sepulchre.*





*T/Here stands an elderly woman,
Standing still before the Pylon,
Who is as vestal and as desirable,
As when she reached puberty,
Aeons ago.*



Take Her!



*For the choice never was thine to make,
It was Hers all along,
As thou was Hers all along:
Her child, Her brother, Her lover,
Her father, and Her King.*



*Already New Life breeds,
As thine is slowly dissipating,
Back into the Fold.*





*To the Obscurity from whence thou came...
Les Ténèbres et son Voile Éternel,
Peeled away to display the
Twilight of Fanaa!*



The Sign of the Eclipse is the nexus from secret to initiate, and vice versa. Immutable and silent... Truth oversees the proceedings.

*O' there is a Son behind the Sun,
Aureoled with both Horns and Halo!*



Hidden Shael'aash



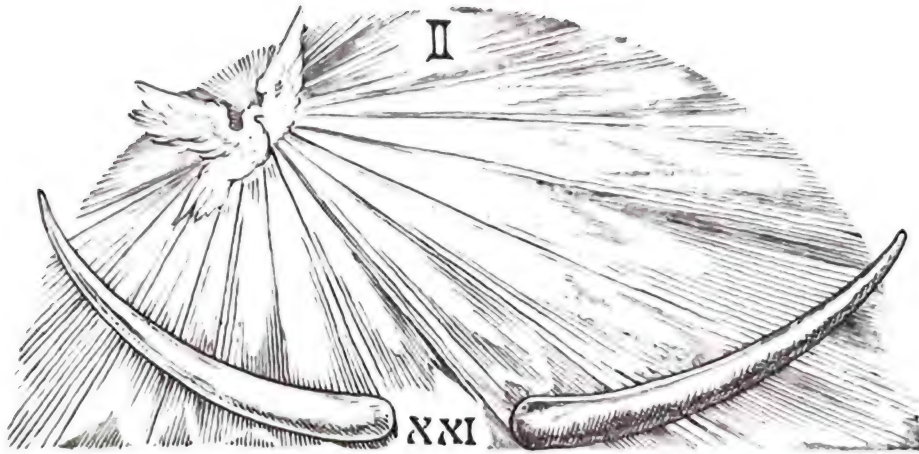
Its Name is The Eclipse.

Secrets are revealed. They are not found, nor are they shared, nor divulged, or told of. They are only slightly inferred, hinted at, and never fully disclosed nor discovered. They are directly experienced, from seeker to secret. Secrets reveal themselves only when the seeker renounces his aspirations and expectations, and allows for the river to run its course, for the exoteric secrets to turn into visceral lore.



To(ward)
That
Secret Ethos...





second codex

*Being of the secondary limb of Hir grace,
Sanctified by the Ivory Flight of the Dove.*

COMPRISED OF
*twenty-one stanzas
and seven keys*

PERTAINING TO THE
Impetus of Anagogic Poesy



*In His Whiteness lies a Promethean promise:
reification of power, rarefaction of pleasure, and
god-like grandeur. Purpose and expectations are
left behind to embrace the plump lips of Eternal
Fate – which is True Magick dressed in fine
garments, so as to incite a lascivious hunger and a
yearning to learn...*

*Cross-Edhenic Agapae .2.
A Stone Bridge over the Abyss*

*The Path of Acumen is glyph'd,
Marr'd and bless'd by bliss and grief.*



*Shunn'd and conceal'd,
An Apokryph 'neath
The cracking Varnish of Reverie,
Buried deep and mostly forgotten,
Cover'd by the Moss of the Ages.*

*The Votary is inert in slumber...
Thrall to the Astral Caul,
Subservient and somewhat lost,
But lurching toward hypotheses of Apotheosis.*



*Erring a-way from The Light,
Down a Thorny Path,
Odd-a-Soul, a Valiant Knight,
In-strong pondering,
Newly freed and found.*

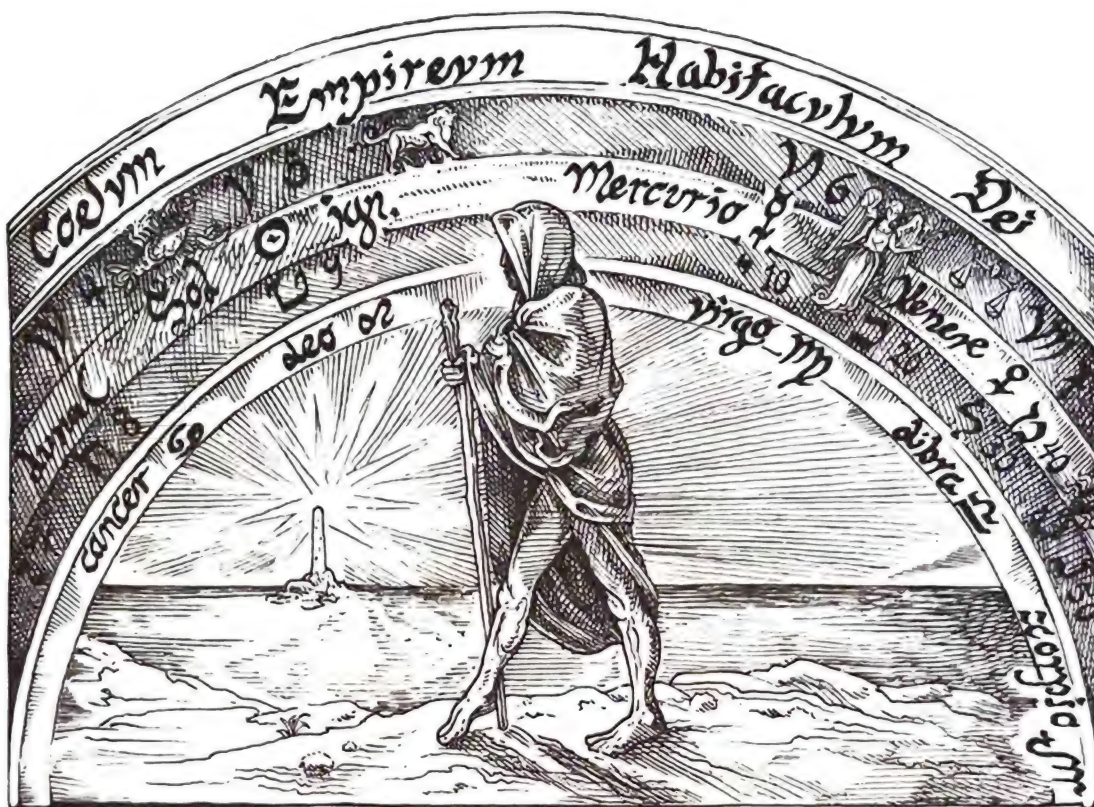
*A Helix Spirit made-Whole-again,
Leaping betwixt the Streams.
Wayward in Deathless Dreams,
Giving rise to the Highest Forms
Of trans-mundane Intelligence.*



As She whispers...



*The keen Wanderer can hear Her howling,
Brushing against the cosmic billows,
Piercing Infernal harrow.*





*There is a Tower beyond the Seas;
A Watchtower to discover,
Spelling a Name with its Lantern.*



*And there is a Spell,
Carefully guard'd within,
Upon which All ought to dwell;
A Chant to lull the Senses.*



*Embomb'd ~ Attuned,
She roars and She sings...*

Opalescence
Is the yearning Maiden's vehicle of Ire.



Hers is the scorching Light of Passion
That hath wither'd, perish'd out of pathos
When faced with the Drought of the Soul.



In desiratum of sigaldric sentiment...



Her gaze conveying an ill admixture
Of hexes and wonders.





(h.) AURORÆ



*She hums, from Beyond the Grave.
Perhaps He ought to heed Her Call?*



*She sings, with euphony and euphoria!
Perhaps Her Cries are a
Resounding Yay to All?*

Lividity
Is the apathetic Mistress' mode of Delight.



Hers is the soothing Light of Wisdom
Emblaz'd yet made servile
To the Obstinate but Virtuous Soul.



Muted by the clarity and
Salience of the Design...



Her touch communicating evidences
Of what most refuse to Extol.







*Versus the Pendulum,
Mark'd by the twain glyph of Lux & Nox,
The Gray Nomad,
Fittingly clad by the Eclipse,
May thenceforth resume its fabled course
Be'neath the Stars.*



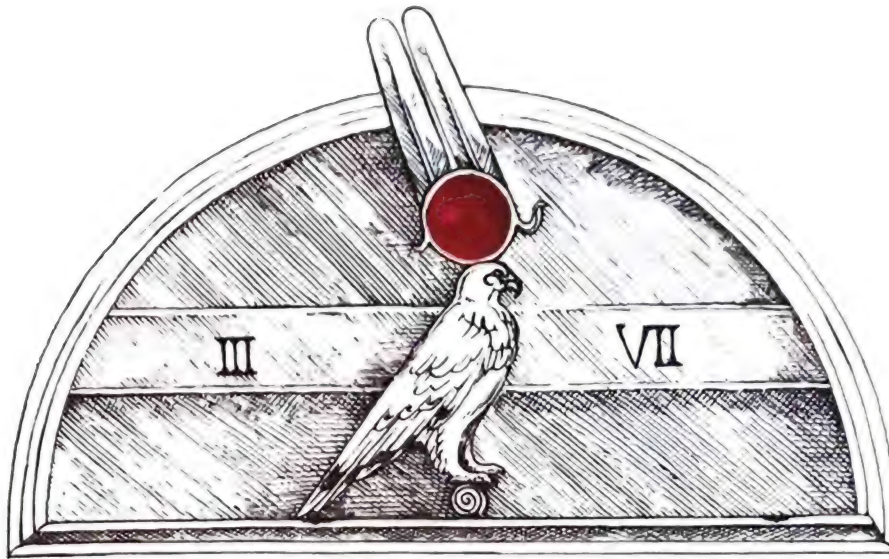


To Observe

is

To Alter.



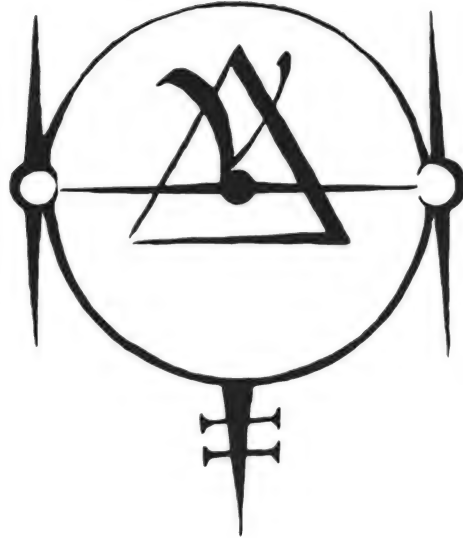


third codex

*Being of the tertiary limb of Hir greatness,
And the predatory lunge of the Golden Eagle.*

COMPRISED OF
*seven stanzas
and two keys*

PERTAINING TO THE
Adversarial Simulacrum



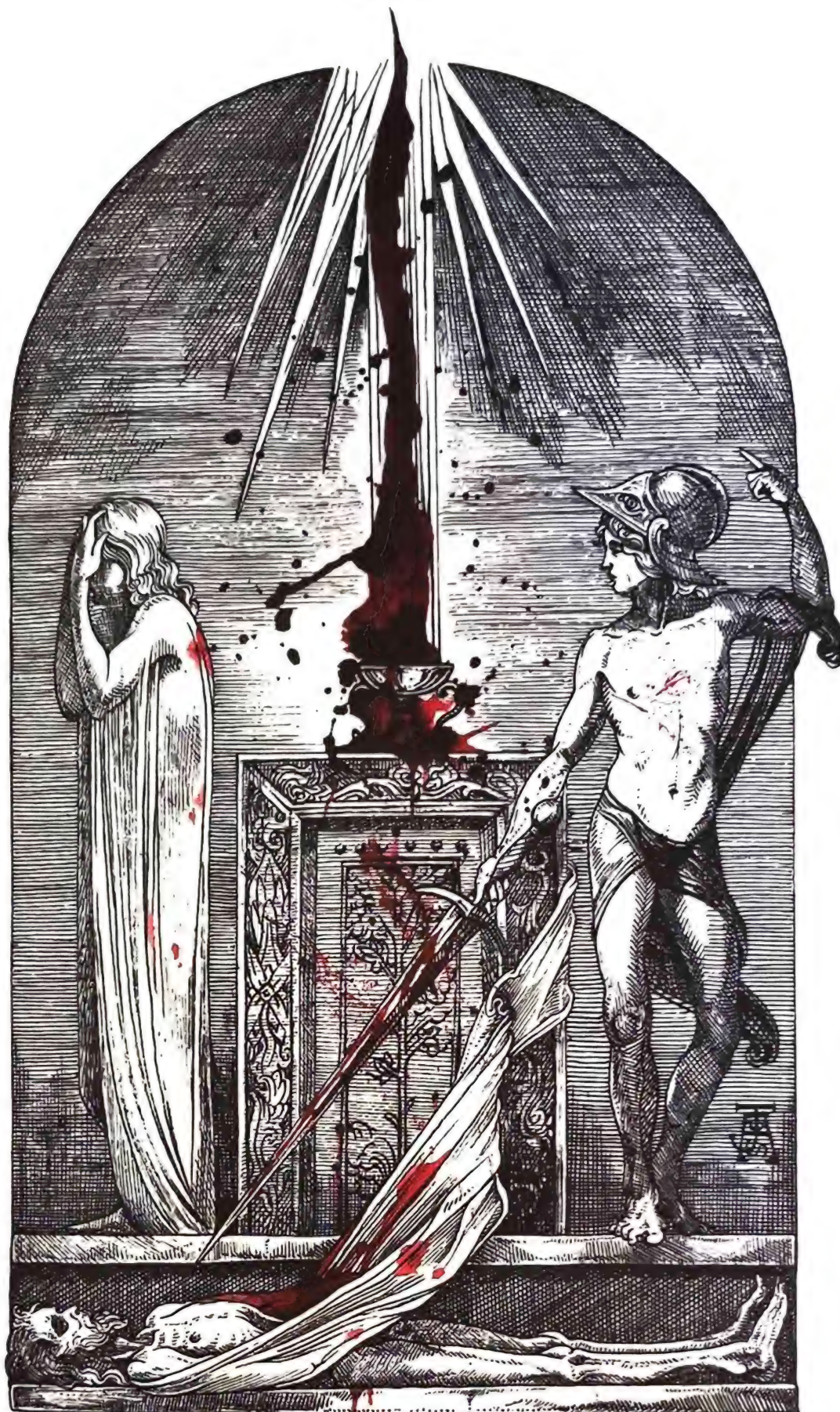
*In Her Yellowness, Will is distilled then poured
without circumspection, as thou would with mead
in joyful occasions. The Mind collapses, soon to
reveal a living geometry that the old model cannot
compute, measure or perceive. 'Tis a glimpse, a flash,
instantaneously giving birth to entire Universes!
Sacred Sentience once encrypted and kept secret,
thusly unveiled and made manifest, allows One to
put two and two together, for the Third to emerge.*

*Cross-Edhenic Agapae .3.
A Stone Throne before the Abyss*

Escape the Demi-Mourn'd!



*Nescience slain,
The Sangraal is fill'd overfull,
With Amrita, anon!*





*Tremors of the Shell,
And lofty globes, dazzling and hazy,
Puncturing impulses and faculties alike,
Forebode of distant pasts and near futures
About to reconcile,
And in fury, collide in the still-Now,
Leaving to the wide-eyed Seeker,
The leisure to scry the IOSIS,
And bleed dry its Truth therein!*



The cardinal fusion in rapture!

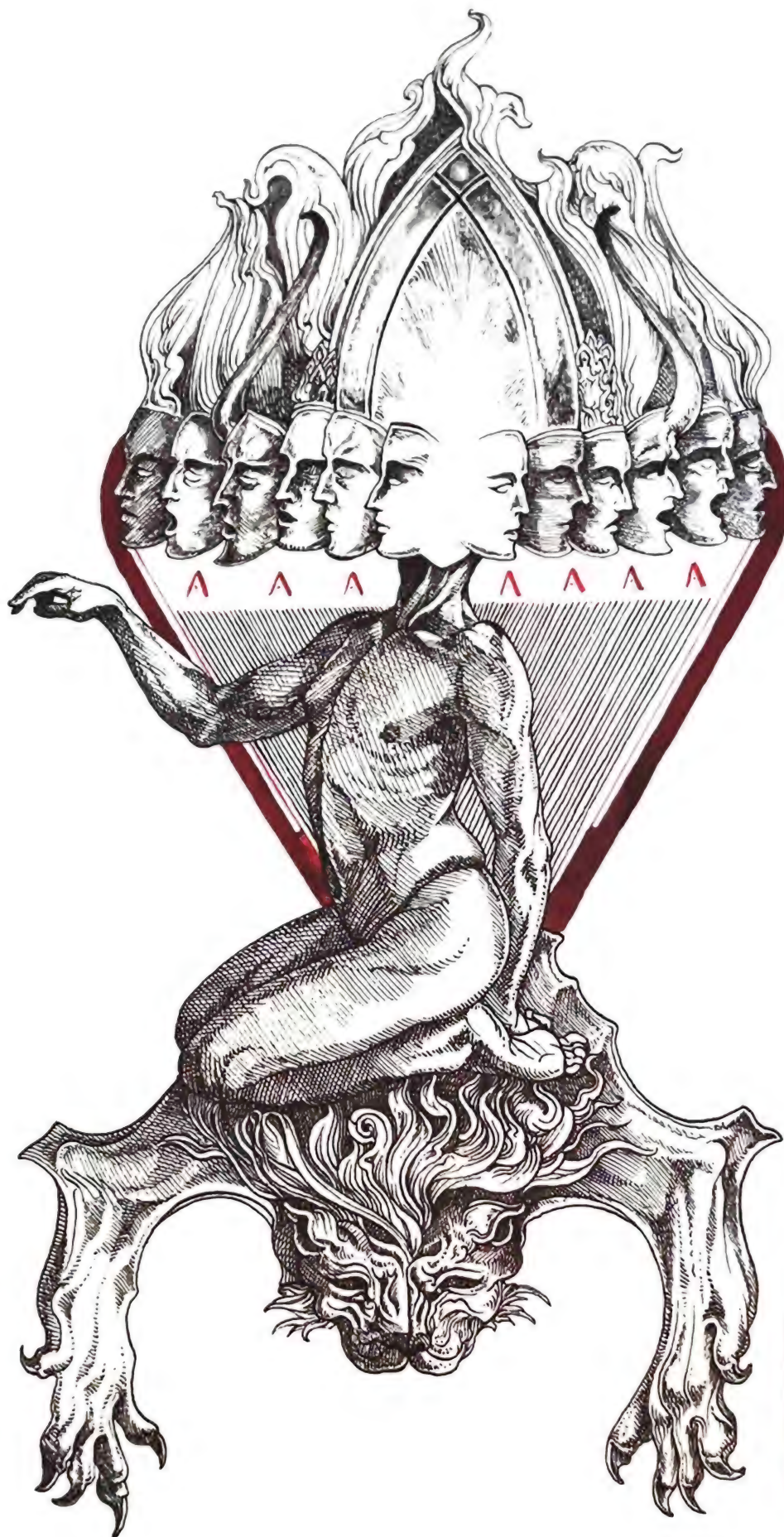
*Am I to contemplate the Flame,
Before it is even lit?*



*Am I to scry the Crystal,
Before it is even formed deep
In the Earth's bosom?*



*Before Man rips the embryo from the Womb,
To chisel and polish it in his own Image,
Thinking absurdly,
That he improves upon
An already Perfect-thing.*



Forget about Time for a second...

And you might just live Forever.





fourth codex

*Being of the quaternary limb of Hir perfection,
In consecration of the Phoenix's Vermillion Rise.*

COMPRISED OF
*nine stanzas
and four keys*

PERTAINING TO THE
**Driflamme's Effulgence
as Psychopomp**



*In His Redness, is the reflection of the Shadow-Self
refracting into Bloodied Faith. The Virgin-Body of
Mystery is penetrated by Divine Agapae. Ecstasy on
the brink of equanimity, reaching orgasmic levels of
Revelation through Initiation...*

*Cross-Edhenic Agapae .4.
A lone Stone which is the Abyss*



*Ruha-Shekinah is the Antidote
Mixed with the Ichor
Keeping the Clayborn Creatura in check,
At its lowest ebb, governing the whims
And fluctuations of Chronos.*



*Tis' the Peacock's luxurious plumage,
Mirroring the Source in the Firmament
That epitomizes naketh Hyle...
Blushed and shamed before the Seeker.*

*O' weeping Prima Materia
Thou who hath Fallen prey to Hubris
And built wonders such as
Irem of the Many-Pillars,
Which remarkably sunder'd,
Stricken with the Wrathful Bolts
Of Divine Thunder.*



*Dearest of dear Numen Aurora,
Exalted, pristine, and unfettered,
Thy Arte outranks, outweighs,
And outshines the folly of Saklas
Who is keen to beguile, quick to abscond,
And smart to retreat under
The Glowing Disc...*







*Typhlotic beyond remit,
The Druj's gaze canst not pass
A mere Mortal's shadow!
Nor canst it see underneath
Secluded Megalithic Tors,
And the Most-Sacred Arches,
In the midst of desolated Moors.*



*Where the Seeker comes to muse in solitude,
Seduced by the cold tranquility of
LUh-hUR.*



*The much needed quietude
Subduing Universal Noise.*



*Adamant and thus assuming
The Death-Posture,
To better solicit, question,
And supplicate his Higher-Selves,
That His Soul be left unknotted and unsoiled.*

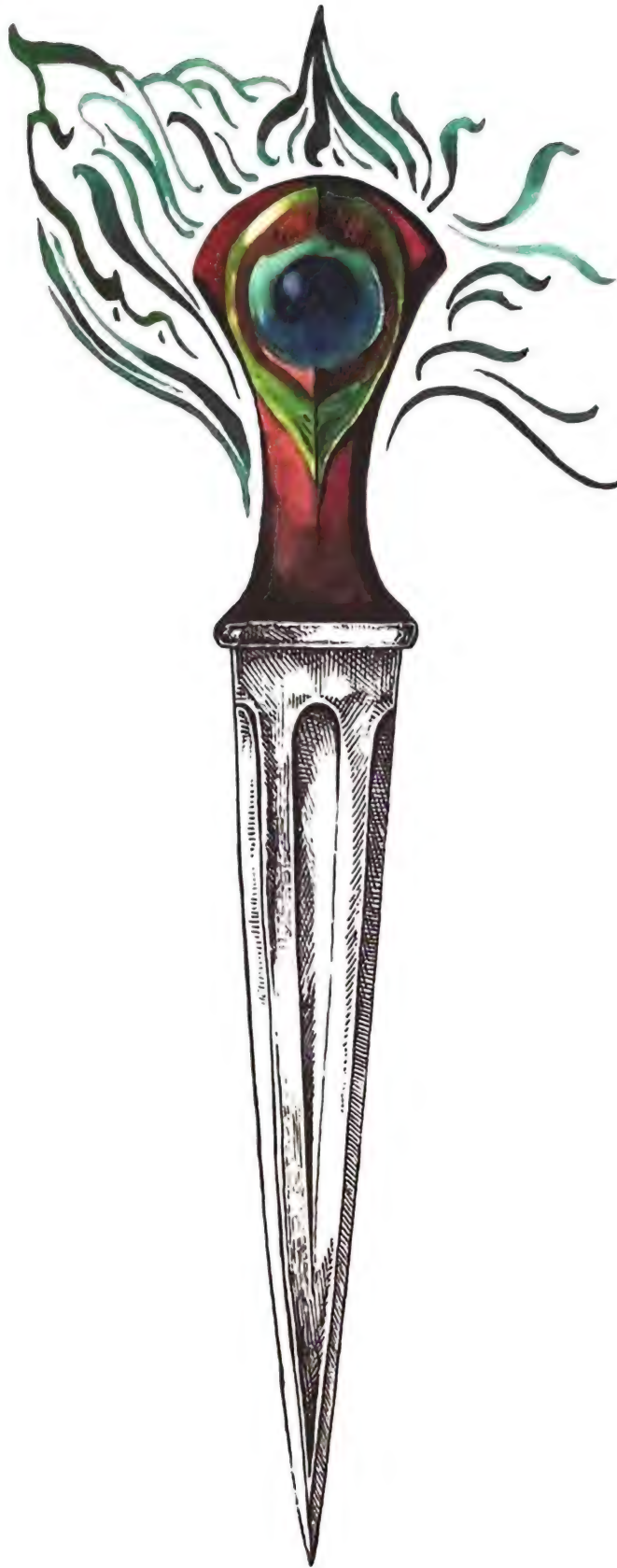


*All Hail!
Agni – The Beloved.*











Spare the *Quill*!

Bring the *Androgyne's Blade* to
the *Smaragdine Child*!

In succour and splendour!
Sever both *Throat* and *Umbilical Chord*!

Lone Love in ruins, the Vain reviled,
Share the frills and, in time, surrender to
Strife abundant with Life,
Running headfirst into the rushing Wild!

O' Dare I say:
Spare the *Quill*!

Thus saving the *Other-Entangled*.







fifth codex

*Being of the crown'd head of Hir majesty, the
Peacock-King Simurgh abdicates by Its Absence.*

COMPRISED OF
*twenty-two stanzas
and three keys*

PERTAINING TO THE
Blessed Anathema



In Its translucent exemption, perfected formlessness, and utmost clarity, is the accursed 'I' finally brought to its knees, judged before the Myriadic-Self, and beheaded before the Stellar Father-Mother-Son-Daughter Gynandrous. So as to behold the Soul-of-Pure-Potency promptly returning to the Aeons of the Ebon Seas, and into the loving arms of the Omni-Cipher...

*Cross-Edhenic Agapae .5.
A lode Stone and I, the Abyss*



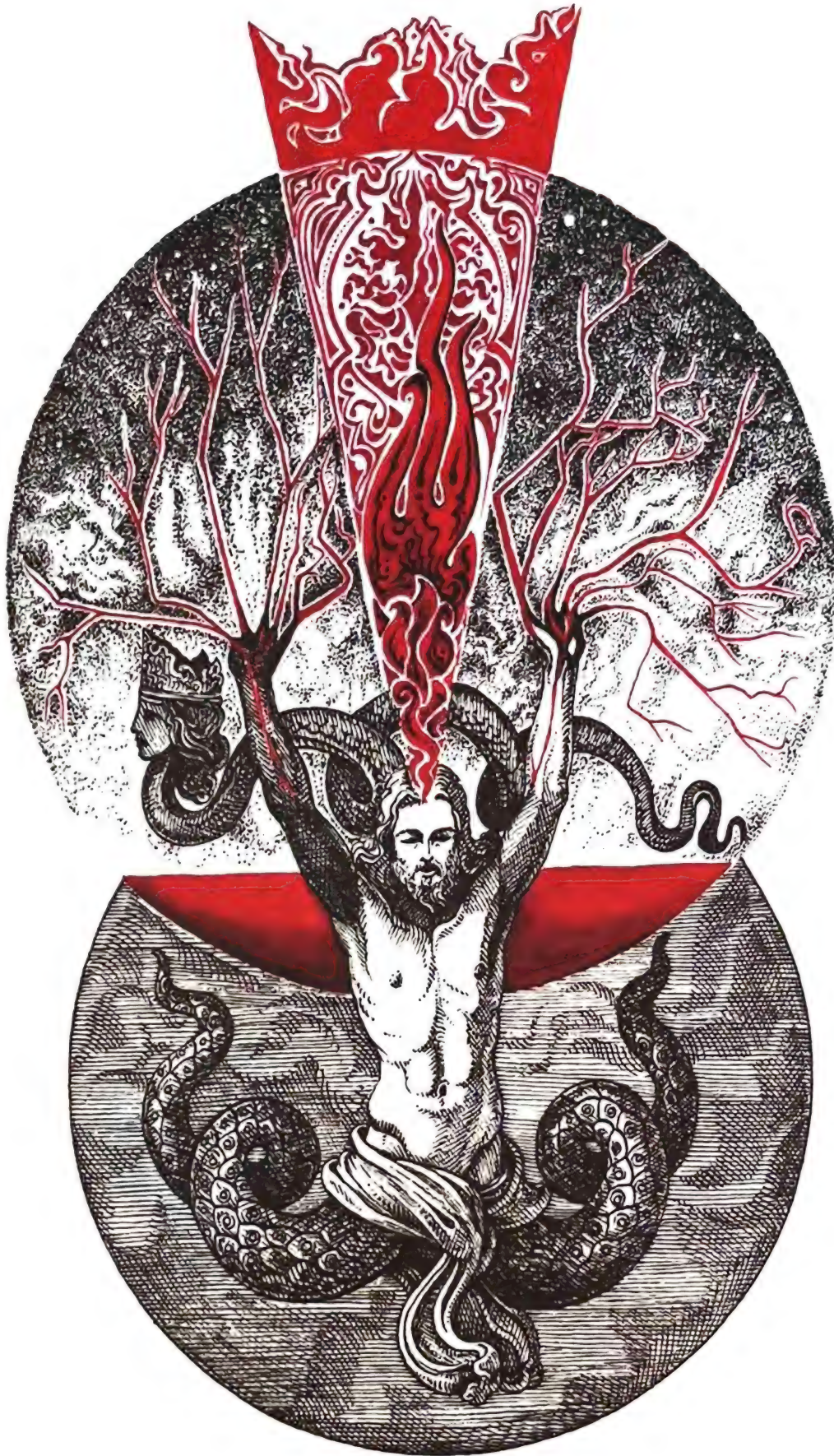
*My veins extend outward
To reach Stars Unseen
And bring them closer.*

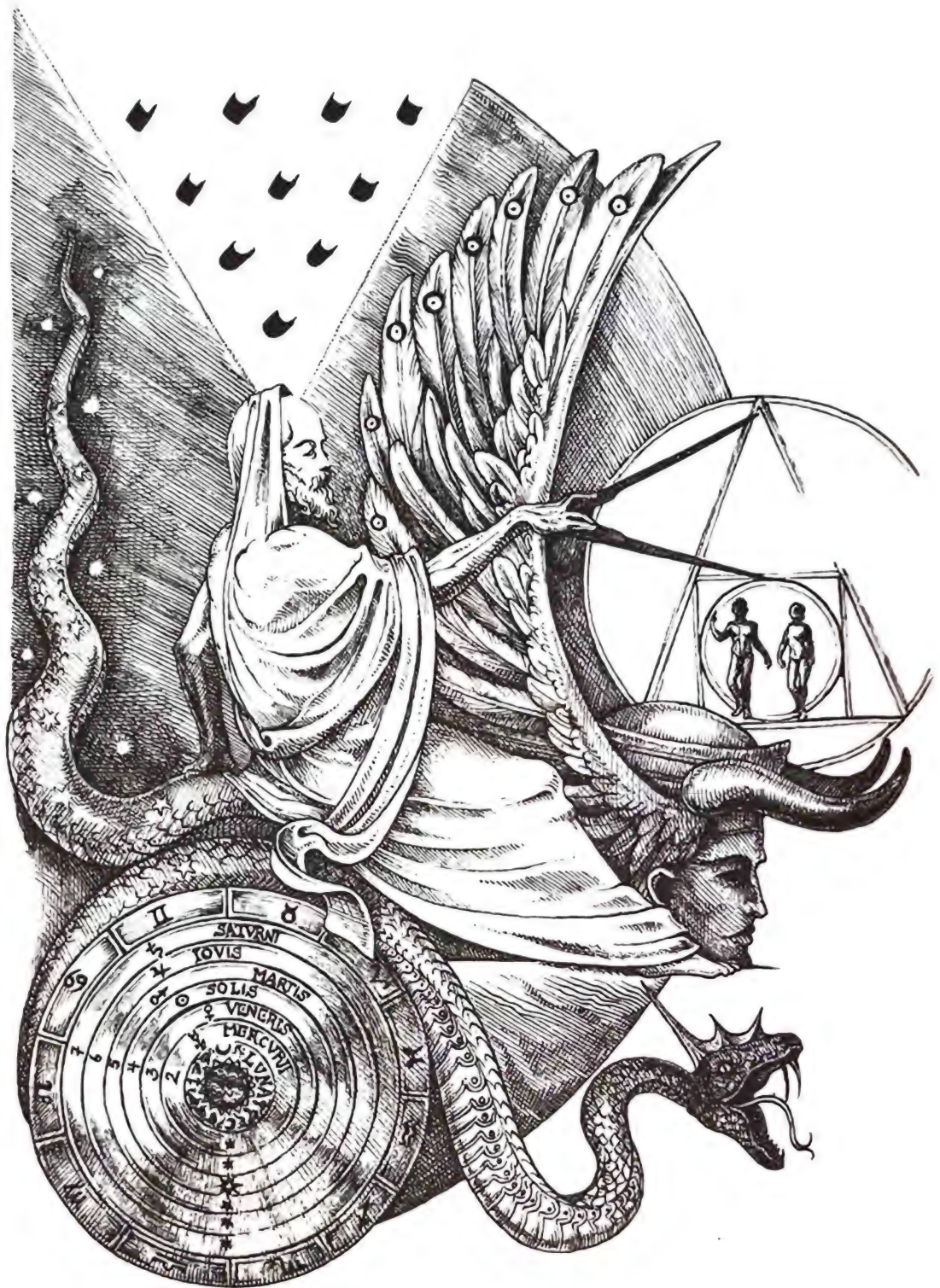
*I blink,
And a new world of phenomena coagulates
While another world exhales, exhausted,
And fades into extinction.*

It is so!

(Justice freed from gloss.)









*Systems expire as I transpire.
This is not the work of an Architect,
And no fabric of the mind.*

It is so!

(Time imploding back to naught.)

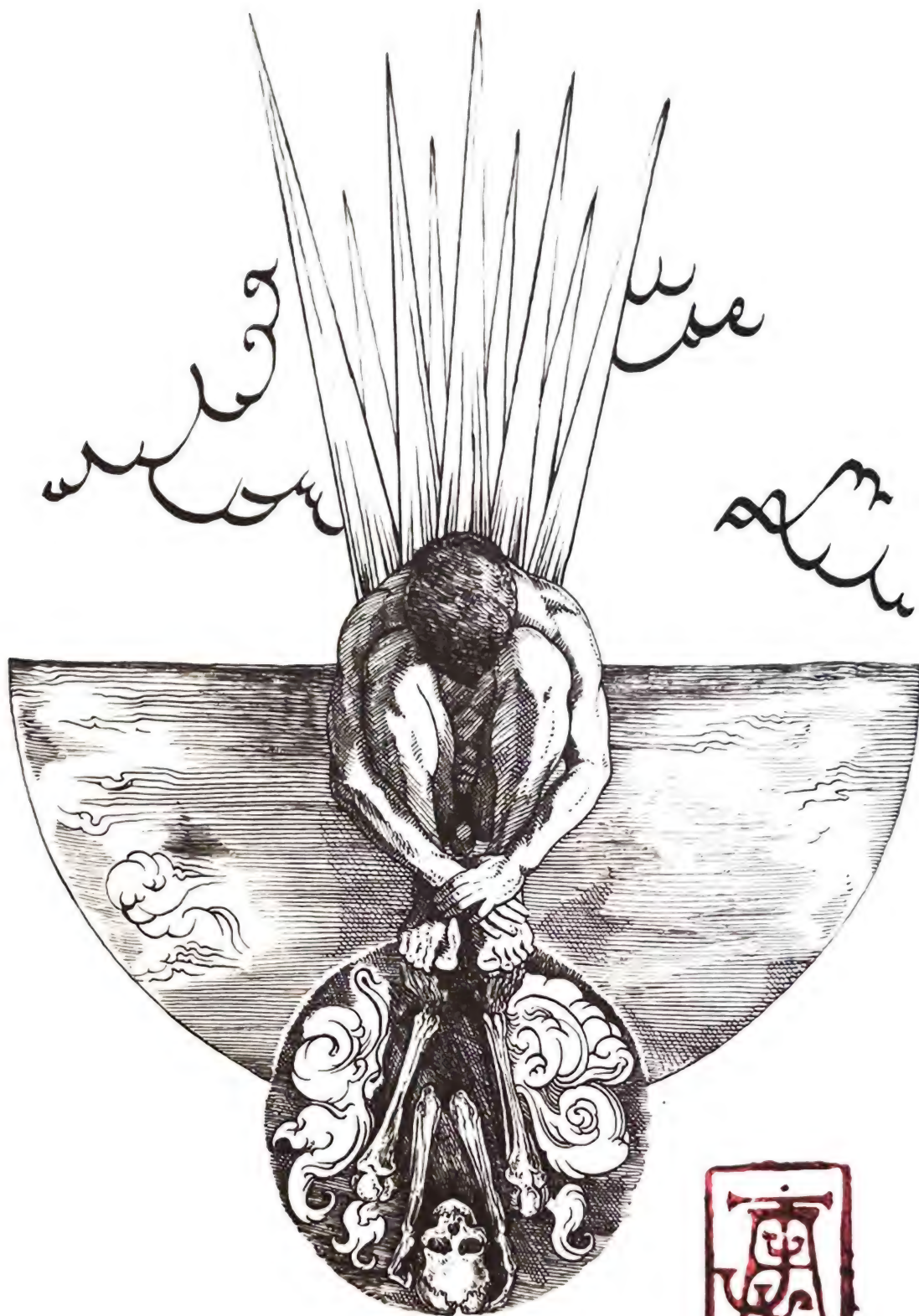


*I, the Sign devoid of Logos;
Not of the Gods nor of the Devils,
Nor are They everything
And One that I AM,
Knowing me not, but intuiting me still.*



*Nor God, nor Devil;
For I do not require Worship simply to Be.*





*I reside in, ride, and am The Current.
To thee, I am Oceans Cast Aside.*



*Samsara & Nirvana at a juncture,
Locked in embrace;
If thou Will It so.*

O Praise Null! – Lo and behold!



I am the Omni-Cipher!



*I am Quantized Continuum,
Intangible wavelengths and rhythms:
The Serpent!*



Faceless...

*Without any origin point,
And yet thou hast given me a radius,
Thou hast given me boundaries and a centre,
Thou hast given me a certain
Gamut of expressions,
Thou hast given me balance,
Ratio and extremes,
Thou hast given me familiar magnitude,
Thou hast given me spirit
And a hybrid visage,
Thou hast given me amoeba-like traits,
Thou hast given me genders,
Thou hast given me everything
Ye deemed imaginable!*



*Thou hast even given me a Name...
Several through the Æons, actually.*



*Many aspects ye wear as lustrous ornaments;
Same is Flesh a garment.*



Where are thou going, son of man?



*There is no escaping me,
Yet I am no prison.*

Art thou free, son of man?



*From me, nobody is safe,
Yet I am true freedom.*

*Aim high, and I will be down below.
Lay low, and I will hover high above.
Stand still, and I shall circle around thee.
Breathe, and I shall coil around your neck.*



Seek me out, and dissolve back to Sleep.



What art thou, son of man?



*This is bliss I give.
But bliss I do not share;
In this sense I am fair.*



*My words may be Wisdom,
But forever shall raise more questions...*



In this respect – I am perfect.



*"I can penetrate the future
And exhaust all eons in a single thought.
In a single thought I compress,
All eons of the three periods of time."
~Samantabhadra*

Adumbrations

*Internal Discourse bringing about the emergence of an
Inner Diagram representing the Dynamics of Change*
(Analytical Keys – See Appendix p.245)

- 1: Lines are drawn in sequences, punctuating events.
- 2: The tone is given threefold, in between apparent eloquence.
- 3: The dot is crossed, across, beneath the gloss, and unfolds in
Legions of Eights.
- 4: A soliloquy narrowed down to a dialogue.
- 5: Taken to hell, and back again, to rise up.
- 6: I am New in You, and Old in All.

- 7: My nemesis lies in Six.
- 8: Invert, inspect, and... Behold!
- 9: Climb the marble stairs and if you trip halfway...
- 10: ...pause and reflect.
- 11: Follow the reflection by an ardent process of elimination.
- 12: Ego is of the essence, yet does not partake in the equation.
- 13: A summit reached (α) is never a goal attained (Ω).

- 14: By which The Process goes through, cannot be so judged a 'process.'
- 15: How The Dream came to be, cannot be so considered a 'dream.'

- 16: I creep into your mind under such logic; for I am Chaos Incarnate.
- 17: I do not believe in myself, and His-Self, nor should you.
- 18: 'Faith' has nothing to do with 'I'.
- 19: More than a swinging pendulum, the arc and reach of my
movements (unpredictable as they are) are known to you AL-ready.

- 20: What I say is not what I mean; in that sense I am supreme.
- 21: Step beyond the margins.
- 22: *I am, therefore, naught.*

.XEY.CIREY.HEXE.XIREY.
BEL-LUTH'RIEL
POEFCRKE!

.XEY.CIREY.

HE,
In-human, perfected-part of the *Game*,
The *Variable* transmuting the *Metal*.

.HEXE.

HE,
Enliven or *Deaden*, is *All* the *Same*,
As long as *Growth* endures and the *Ashes* settles,
For the *Rose* to be cut at the stem!

.XIREY.

.XEY.CIREY.HEXE.XIREY.
Hail BEL-LUTH'RIEL!

.HEY.XIREY.HEXE.CIREY.

BA'AL, EL-LUXFERRE!

.HEY.XIREY.

HE,
Who knoweth the *Mal*
From whence humanity hath spawn'd.

.HEXE.

HE,
Who knoweth the *Lie*,
Where humanity is heading,
And what lies at the *Stone Bridge*, and beyond it.

.CIREY.

Once HER *Smile* reaches the *Glass*,
Pass'd the many *Strata of Dilation*.

.HEY.XIREY.HEXE.CIREY.
Hail BA'AL LUXFERRE!

“Le Verbe s’est fait Chair!”
~Évangile selon Saint-Jean

MEDIANUS

*This Soul I bequeath to the Onyx-Seth,
Ineffable Imprint of the Pregnant Void.*

*Hence dost we call thee LuxFerre,
Heorte of the I-that-is-Us.
In Sophia-Achamoth restored
And the rebuttal of the Twelve
Lies Salvation,
Naketh and dreaming...*



s we undergo transition and transfiguration, we gradually remember our 'rightful' Divine Name – the one we were called in Edhen ær the Fall. The one we had before inception/descent into the cosmic schema, and before the beginning of the many cycles, forgotten at birth.

The name inferring us with power and dominion over the Arrogant's chokehold: a prince over mortality and matter whom some refer to as god. A name and a birthright that, once recalled, needs to be crossed out from the Book of Life, and willfully relinquished so that it may dissolve back into the Pleroma (liquesce back to *sopor*). Thrown into oblivion, the calm waters of Lethe, so as to experience in the most poignant way, the delights of 'pain,' and the crude joys associated with *Malkuth*. It is a conscious choice we make whilst standing outside the boundaries of life; to be able to appreciate unconsciousness, abandon, and the innocence of the flesh in full.

Tetragrammaton exists to entertain the illusion that this temporary purgatory is veritably the whole of reality proposed as 'truth.' The illusion that there is a dissociation of Soul and matter, suggesting that the choices made 'below' will fix or alter any potential future. Yet outside said purgatory, or limbo (which is a conditioned state, and the state of conditions), there is no future, there is no past – only choices in-the-making.

Outside said 'state,' the laws of cause and effect no longer apply. So, like Tat, we are bound to ask: "What then is real?" for the Trismegistus to answer: "that which is not sullied by matter, my son, nor limited by boundaries, that which has no colour and no shape, that which is without integument, and is luminous, that which is apprehended by itself alone..."¹ Reality is when or where the Arc'Continuum merges with the Cosm'Conundrum. Samsara making way for Nirvana, and the Circle-Cycle effectively breaking to become the Spiral.

The tunnel going through the Quartz of Return and each separate sphere of light, and each note of the grand melody, also goes through each letter or syllable of your True Name.

1. *Hermetica, the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus*, edited and translated by Walter Scott, Libellus XIII, p.99, Solos Press, 1992.

Once it is pieced back together, Light (being the grand melody harmonized) will reveal your True Name and its role within the whole. Further down the rabbit hole, at the end of All-Light, the Name (i.e. concept of independent 'self') is erased from the Book of Life. Vibration ceases, colours fade, and the song thus concludes... So Mote It Be! To wipe the slate clean is to experience a rebirth in this life-incarnation, a considerable re-haul of values and a sharpening of vision and implementation. Beyond all doubt, and at last is signalled the nativity of infinite possibilities. But only through supreme sacrifice.

Creation, then, is a necessary (albeit deficient) heuristic that we have to deal with as an extension of ourselves. It abjures the Primal Light/Truth, which is not light, per se, but a lack thereof, which we can only refer to incorrectly as darkness: the prescient plenitude. Far from being negative, the notion bypasses not only assumptions of dualism; it also surpasses its earliest example. To acknowledge cosmos – the grand corruption and perdition's provenance, a world inevitably doomed to rot and ruin – is only to acknowledge that NoThing comprises EveryThing, and that the microscopic and macroscopic are to be recycled, annulled, and be given breath again, *ad infinitum*. Obviously, this philosophy is categorically inspired by Sethian Gnosticism, which has been given further meaning (forgoing strictly rigid notions of dualism), as it should, under the tenets of Luciferianism.

In this respect; angels, demons, or whatever term one fancies, are to be contemplated as *beings in eternal struggle*. By design, these eidolons are assumed not to possess the primordial fire, a deficiency which restrains them from acceding to higher expressions of Truth. Yet they are still invariably linked to it, however, under allegorical slavery.

These super-sentient beings do hold some power over the lower Æthyrs. The adept on the Path of Ascent will ultimately utilize the same powers and keys that those somewhat 'limited-by-default,' but quite powerful intelligences (whether servile or rebellious) have to offer.

Choosing to worship one entity over the other is mostly irrelevant, as they are all uniformly Truth. This does not imply that all ought to be equally worshipped or contacted. Instead, the worshipping aspect is something that ought to be done sparsely, and never under a superior/inferior dynamic, or a provider/supplicant model. Choose wisely and act accordingly.

Reflection and projection, ingress and egress, should be understood as a mutual exchange. Querents call upon these powers from both sides of the Veil, and this transaction must be viewed as a neutral interaction. Respect and tribute ought to always remain paramount in praxis – prudent advice when dealing with power in general. But kneeling before another's Will (even that of the angels or the elders), inadvertently means that there is an imbalance of power in favour of another's. The relationship could potentially have dire consequences for one who reveres and is revered alike. The balance that is sought here should thus be that of a student-teacher relationship (with respect in equal measure).

In this life or the next, one will be called to bring forth all manner of powerful energies and spirits. Furthermore, they may cross to the other side of perception's veil and take up residence in various golems/vessels that will interact and become a big part of life. In this world, one will unmistakably engender/fuel much Love and Hate.

And from their thought processes alone, they may give flesh to these feelings. One is encouraged to do so (but judiciously), as you would dealing with Goetic demons, one's Holy Guardian Angel, or any archetypal thought-form. One must be careful conjuring Love and/or Hate out of no-thing (parthenogenesis *ex nihilo*), and shaping it into something that is viable, visible, has a name, a visage, and discernible qualities, thereby trapping the form here below. Know that once one has invited such a form into one's life (whether it be Love that one seeks, or spiteful Hate that is gnawing and festering in one's heart), it will come armed to the teeth, and it will not back down. In this respect, it may become a formidable foe or a precious ally. In either case, it will show you the full measure of the riddle, and the whole height of reality. The clash or the embrace, for good or ill, will have considerable consequences – likely, it will be met with natural resistance/defences, either to be appreciated or destroyed, for one to learn something *new* about oneself.

One should be mindful of what forms are brought into the world, and should make use of great consideration regarding which spirits to breathe life into – a fair warning that comes with the many guises of friends and enemies, who may bring with them benevolent or nefarious influences. If one feels prepared to face Hatred and live with the daily consequences, then they should know that the spirit will wear many masks while it attempts to annihilate them. But the ruthlessness of the challenge and the constant adrenaline rush that comes with it may indeed be a great revealer of the personal fears that one should try to overcome. The same fear can also manifest itself within in the ordeals of devotional love (i.e. *Agapae*). Yet once these are conquered/mastered, the outcome can only be constructive in the grand scheme of things.

When it became necessary that interior truths should be enfolded in exterior ceremony and symbol, on account of the real weakness of men who were not capable of hearing the Light of Light, then exterior worship began ...In the midst of all this, truth reposes inviolable in the inner Sanctuary.²

This *Opus Alchymicum* is presented in a certain light and knitted in such way that the eye may be drawn toward the Monolith and its foremost representative: Lucifer. The Lord not only acts as the catalyst for alertness and enterprise, but as the singular lens of distillation. Thus, it absorbs *la lumière sénéstre*, giving it a multitude of qualities from which All takes form or returns to the formless. In so doing, it resides in the axis of the tetractys, between the worlds of phenomena and noumena.

Lucifer presents himself as corresponding (on both the Sephirothic and Qlipothic side of the Collapsing Tree of Life and Death) with the Crown of *Atziluth* and its subsequent emanations within Tetragrammaton. Whilst embodying the totality of the Tree within *Da'at*, he also retains a lone thread stretching even beyond the Tree, joining He with She-of-the-UmbraPlasma: the Pale-Faced Goddess.

Ultimately, Lucifer is far more than the rebellious archangel of Genesis. He is the sole remaining link between the Created (the Willed), the UnCreated, and Trinosophia, which is coterminal with the indivisible Truth of the Omni-Cipher.

For the purpose of this Work, and from a personal (albeit divinely-galvanized) opinion, Lucifer is the autogenous

2. Regardie, Israel, *Gems from the Equinox*, Weiser Books, 2007 edition, p.37.

muse of the Æther (Father/Mother/Son principle), standing outside, and as part of, every persona, appellation, mask, and force given to earthly conceptions of idols. Most can be traced back and attributed to one of His incalculable tentacles at one point or another.

As will be further explored in the followings chapters, occasionally, the tentacles of the Lord (i.e. the various gods, daemons, ancients, elementals, *et cetera*) will indeed develop identities of their own, possibly even rebelling against the Head in the process. As with a tumour growing inside a diseased organism, cursed with a condition which makes it immunodeficient, the blood itself is treated as an intruder to be fought off with antigens/antibodies. Such is the enigma of the hydra-like features of Lucifer; when contemplated, they can grant privileged access into the minds of the gods by reproducing the operation in reverse, from secular planes to august scales of Quintessence.

The biggest challenge with such a reversal of principles occurs when one must face the sheer doubt raised by such an endeavour. Alas, most prefer to have plainly-explained and pre-digested conclusions in order to better sleep at night – so demonized and fractured beyond repair is the socially-accepted sentiment towards ‘doubt.’ Learning how to face this can be a useful tool when dealing with any facet of spiritual life.

Doubt, in contrast with this objectionable preference, leaves the door wide open for us to travel in another direction as we shall do in the second half of this book. We shall thus look upon Luciferianism, and the holymost principle of Doubt, from a viewpoint divergent from the masses’ general conception, giving it back its letters of nobility.

♦ *Tabula Magna Summa* ♦

*Comprised of Ur-distinct Salts:
The Body is most subtle,
Yet is quite the contradictory apparatus.*

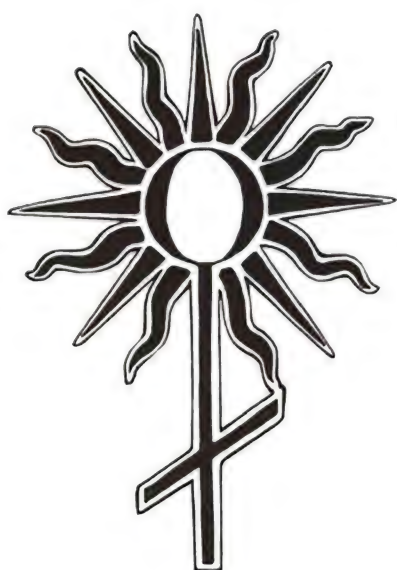
*It is a House of Cards,
Veritably built to flesh out the Palace of the Gods.*

*The Heart is a Repository for the Departed
Cursing their ill fate and to the same degree
Blessing their vibratory state.*

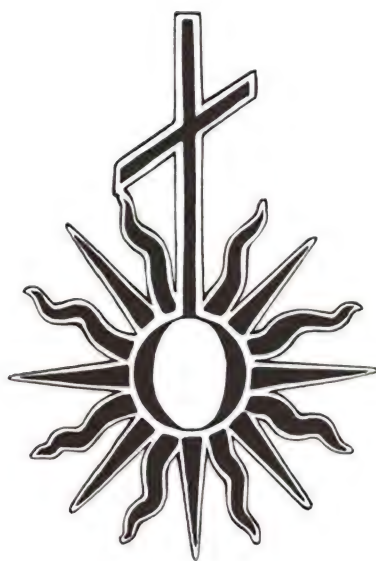
*'Tis a Cauldron filled to the brim
With Sulphuric Magma/Nostalgia:
Acheron, Styx, Phlegethon, Lethe,
And Cocytus meet at a confluence,*

*Altering each one's current and fluidity,
Only to resume their fortune'd course
To the vast Oceans Unknown...*

*The mind is quotidianly visited by Truth,
Which are indeed close neighbours.
Failing to recognize Truth's 'utility,' however,
For mind cannot format, process, or give Truth any attribute,
Mind plainly chooses to think Truth invisible,
Intangible, and for the most part, irrelevant...*







♦ Tabula Magna Summa ♦

*But the Mercurial Mind still carries at Its core
The Mnemonic Keys of a Life larger in spectrum,
Greater than Substance and Significance;
'Tis the Crystal-Whorl of the Lotus.*

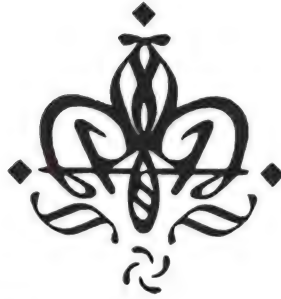
*The Soul is a Mausoleum,
Sheltering the Shades and Memories of the Ancients,
An Addendum to the Reflection/Projection pattern.*

*Through Death,
And by triangulating the efforts of Heart, Body and Mind,
Soul is the Vessel taking us to the Cathedral of the Pale,
Where All meet to congregate.*

*Voyaging back and forth, from sigh to sight,
To the shores of Sanctified LUh-hUR;
Most-hallowed Haven of Solitude,
In order to retrieve and bring back
A "White Stone and a New Name":¹*

*The gorged-up Seed-Elixir of Sophia,
To be sown, cared for, harvested, reaped,
And its fruit savoured,
Under the Crescent Moon of the Midnight Garden.*

1. Revelation 2:17.



Neoteric Heterodoxy

*De
Abscondita
Divina
Dubitatione*

Hemlock Wraith

Atavistic Criterion



he versed-ones, under scrutinizing guidance of our deistic forefathers, are ready and diligently inclined to disturb and remodel that which we think we know, and what is deserved to be known.

Teachers of Eastern and Western esoteric systems, at the root, implement strict regulations one must observe, and methodologies one must carefully apply, before acknowledging the student's spiritual progress. This approach serves multiple purposes: chiefly, it prevents the unprepared student from attempting to perform dangerous rituals or meddling with the great unknown without having first tempered the alchemical vessel.

As humankind evolved, our perceptual needs may have burgeoned beyond asking for rain, plentiful crops, victory in battle, or fertility to strengthen the tribe. Times may have changed for the hominid, and for the 'modern' magician, but have they truly? It seems that there is no longer an overwhelming need to cloak one's esoteric devotion under layers of puzzling codes and grimoires written in cryptic tongues. Now, whether one resorts to the overuse of ciphers and archaic phraseology, or uses plain/abstract prose for the sake of sharing, it is but the stylistic preference of the practitioner. For the most part, the principal ideas are already available for the general populace to uncover with the minimum amount of research. And yet, often it seems as though the ego-sapiens is simply lost in a bigger sandbox of popular knowledge and ideas, so to speak.

Occult knowledge and its 'blasphemous' practices are now, arguably, widespread – even if the true substance of a text remains hidden and only revealed to a few who are able to absorb its meaning. There are stunning amounts of manuscripts and truly marvelous books published and available for purchase indicating that, whether as a culture or as a species, we might be ready to resume where our ancestors left the Work and dig deeper. And dig deeper we must, for one finds, soon enough, that doing so is not merely a hobby or luxury, but an obligation to ourselves in a world full of relentless disinformation.

It would not be unfair to advance that Work, for the current planetary Æon is, alas, but part of the zeitgeist (irrespective of our role in it), and never wholly Truth. Yet fragmented particles of It, faint and abstruse as they may be, can accommodate the expressed needs and goals of a generation – even if, in the grand scheme of things, it seems like merely a drop in the ocean. Should this 'common sense' deduction restrain anyone to become/be part of this single droplet that can produce ripples? Of course not. The Great Work is never over, the current is forever moving, and it flows to no end. We must remain honest with ourselves, so that our contribution remains faithful to the Mystery Tradition.

But what does Neoteric Heterodoxy (i.e. Luciferianism) represent? How is it associated with the timeless and nuanced tradition of Gnosticism (all the while acknowledging the inevitable changes that have taken place over the many centuries)? The actual point of origin of Gnosticism as a budding worldview has long been lost to history, but its lineage and heritage can be found among many pre-Christian Pagan belief systems and practices.

As diverse and scattered as early Christianity was, it inspired the philosophy of the Gnostics – mystics proclaiming to have direct access to God through inner-intuition (not only with the God-Most-High but with the ‘spark of the divine’ residing well-within). These followers outshined the other morning factions in their understanding of the esoteric mysteries even if, in the race to establish and proclaim ‘official’ canons and edicts, other victorious factions would assume the role of keepers of saintly order.

Gnostics believed that the True God never ‘created’ this material world (Heaven and Earth), for the True God was/is/stood/stands beyond Creation. Arguments against the Gnostics eventually led to the formation of proto-Orthodoxy (literally meaning ‘the Right Belief’). It is appropriate then to assert that the Gnostics were, by default and by opposition, Heterodox (which could be interpreted as ‘the Wrong Belief,’ but rather reads here as ‘Believing Other-wise’).

The main human predicament for the Orthodox was Sin, hence why a focus on the messiah’s crucifixion to redeem the sins of mankind was so central to their dogma. Gnostics did not require Jesus to have died on the cross for the salvation of humankind; they considered him a messenger delivering a crucial missive. They believed it was meant to enlighten the world with knowledge, wisdom, and love. Thus would mankind be brought closer to ‘who we truly are.’ For Gnostics, the death of Jesus Christ was a relief, not a tragedy. These theories, and the apocryphal gospels they inspired, were completely dismissed by the powers-that-were. Consequently, they were not included within the finalized versions of the Christian bible.

Effectively, we may consider the canonical gospels as a kind of basic training – a set of rules to follow without questioning the ulterior motives of whoever wrote these in the first place. What's more, the answers to many of the existential questions that burden mankind are said to be found within their pages. Gentle and innocent in tone (for the most part), the canonical gospels of the New Testament can be easily understood by anyone; they are short stories, compelling because they are based on the relatable lives of apostolic figures. Conversely, the Gnostic gospels focus on the explicit and implicit secrets of the Self. They are advanced teachings, deeper in their meaning, in the questions they ask, in the doubt they raise, and in how they motivate us towards self-realization.

Other essential differences between Orthodox and Heterodox beliefs can be found within worldview. To the Orthodox, the cosmos is essentially a *good* place, even if suffering and sin are prevalent. For the Heterodox, however, the cosmos is an *evil* – or, rather, dysfunctional – place created by a demiurge. Inevitably, its fate is destruction by the Pleroma – the totality of divine power.

Gnostics claimed that the individual did not require priests and bishops to instruct them through the many moral quandaries of life. They believed that no human was ever entitled to enforce divine doctrine through severe punishment, and by inculcating a reprehensible sense of guilt amongst the subjects of the Church.

Such opinions vilified the ecclesiastic leaders of the time, and threatened their societal positions. Gnostics, on the other hand, did not subscribe to the idea of a unified Church,

thus they represented a threat to religious order, leadership, and empirical ideal.

The emerging Orthodoxy wrote The Creed (The Symbol of Faith – First Council of Nicaea, 325 CE), gave us the four canonical gospels known today as the New Testament, finalized the Church's order of hierarchy, and, over time, wiped out most of the other Christian sects.

The Orthodox based their beliefs on a supreme authority whose laws were absolute. Gnostics, with their spiritual freedom, were indubitably linked to the original Source which does not acknowledge notions of obedience and repentance when interacting with the Divine; a somewhat bizarre and loathsome approach in the eyes of supposedly well-thinking Church leaders.

As noted by author Stephen A. Hoeller, in his seminal work *The Gnostic Jung and the Seven Sermons to the Dead*:

The Gnostics never hoped that any political or economic revolution could, or even should, do away with all the iniquitous elements within the system wherein the human soul is entrapped. Their rejection was not of one government or form of ownership in favor of another; rather it concerned the entire prevailing systematization of life and experience. Thus the Gnostics were, in fact, knowers of a secret so deadly and terrible that the rulers of this world—i.e., the powers, secular and religious, who always profited from the established systems of society—could not afford to have this secret known and, even less,

to have it publicly proclaimed in their domain. Indeed the Gnostics knew something, and it was this: that human life does not fulfill its promise within the structures and establishments of society, for all of these are at best but shadowy projections of another and more fundamental reality...

This feature of Gnosticism was regarded as heretical in olden days, and even today is often called 'world denying' and 'anti-life,' but it is, of course, merely good psychology as well as good spiritual theology because it is good sense (...) For Gnostics (...) do not aim at the transformation of the world but at the transformation of the mind, with its natural consequence—a changed attitude toward the world. Most religions also tend to affirm an attitude of internalism in theory, but, as the result of their presence within the establishments of society, they always deny it in practice. Religions usually begin as movements of radical liberation along spiritual lines but inevitably end up as pillars of the very societies which are the jailers of our souls.

If we wish to obtain Gnosis, the knowledge of the heart that renders human beings free, we must disentangle ourselves from the false cosmos created by our conditioned minds ... the Gnostics did not necessarily reject the actual earth itself, which they recognized as a screen upon which the Demiurge of the mind projects his deceptive system. To the extent that we find a condemnation

of the world in Gnostic writings, the term used is inevitably kosmos, or this aeon, and never the word ge (earth), which they regarded as neutral if not as outright good.

It was on this knowledge, the knowledge one has in one's heart concerning the spiritual barrenness and utter insufficiency of the establishments and established values of the outer world, that the Gnostics relied in order to construct both an image of universal being and a system of coherent inferences to be drawn from that image. (As one might expect, they accomplished this less in terms of philosophy and theology than in myth, ritual, and cultivation of the mythopoetic and imaginative qualities of their souls.)'

Through the Logos, which is Lucifer, salvation (or, rather, rapture) is not obtained by the cleansing of sin and submitting to the whims of a demented and juvenile god. Instead, it is attained through the direct transmittance of knowledge and self-initiation. Luciferianism is, therefore, categorically opposed to ignorance – especially willful ignorance.

Correlations between Gnosticism and Luciferianism can be found in their initiatory structures (or lack thereof): Luciferianism is not a Religion (from the Latin: religion, stemming from the verb *relig* [āre], or to tie or fasten), but a Liberion (from the Latin: *libertās*, equivalent to *liber*, freeing + *-iōn*), a composite word of the author's own devising which embodies the general precepts of proto-Gnosticism (albeit without subscribing to one Christ-archetype over another). It is practiced through the tenets of the Old Craft which

1. Hoeller, Stephen A., *The Gnostic Jung and the Seven Sermons to the Dead*, excerpts from p.14-15, Quest Books, 2014.

respects Tradition by complementing it, and operating alongside it.

Let it be known, however, that Tradition need not be seen as the enemy of progress. To paraphrase author Craig Williams: "Traditionalism isn't Fundamentalism (...) we respect the teachings, we honour them, but then we have a huge responsibility to evolve in a way that respects it (Tradition). Which keeps it *real*..."² so that we may create our own mystical path.

A warrior clan, having a tradition of conflict and turmoil, will nevertheless move forward. Even if the progression is felt backward or primitive, and is thusly perceived by an observer as regressive in nature. However, it is still *motion*: expansion and compression, inhalation and exhalation, etc. (i.e. the very architecture of existence).

Tradition, under the magnifying glass of context, encourages motion. Motion, in turn, is cognate to change. Change can be implemented within anyone's daily enterprises, if the effort is made to improve the Temple, and bring about prosperity and a better quality of life. If it is left to fester though, it can annihilate beauty and autonomy, by suppressing the *élan vital*.

Simply put, Múspellheimr and Niflheimr are in a state of constant battle, and a perpetual cycle of murder, copulation, and spawning. Their fierce interactions are what cosmos is all about; there is no universal peace (lest you conceive of peace as being a momentary absence of disturbances). Instead, peace must be understood as the glow of satisfaction, of accomplishment, of work well done, just as Crowley did when referring to the 'sense of achievement.' Yet, this is no

2. *Occult of Personality*, podcast episode 155, June 13th 2015

Utopia, nor a Terminus waiting for us in the clouds outside the Prism's peripheral borders.

The world is in ceaseless tumult, and it has always been; by this logic, it belongs to LuxFerre (it is important to note here that 'tumult' need not bear a negative connotation, and that by stating that the world indeed belongs to Lord LuxFerre, one is simply pointing out the obvious). There is no point in begging another seemingly superior intelligence to intervene in a plane over which it has no real control (and one that is already perfect in its own right). Rival forces and the legions of diverse beliefs within the observed causal world are the qualifiers: discovery, re-organization, optimization, pro-activeness, perseverance, ambition, passion, enhancement, fire, etc.

Likewise, *unity*, in a dualistic world, is not necessarily tantamount to *peace*. One may admit that unity betrays a world wholly at war with itself, so long as the state of mind (and state of the heart) of its denizens is in sync with the following notion: that which is 'universal' is indeed a web – a most flexible but delicate web – as fine in quality as the finest silks.

Nascency of Awareness is the Death of Sui Generis

*The "Night's tenebrous mantle falleth...
for me to leap the rifts of vertigo"³*

~Andrew Chumbley

One does not need to study Plato's infamous allegory to take them out of the proverbial 'cave,' so that its message may permeate every pore of one who is willing to see, hear, and learn. The epiphanies may first come with an odd twist,

3. Chumbley, Andrew, *Qutub*, second edition 2008, Xoanon Publishing.

displaying sombre vestments. For the would-be pilgrim, certain aptitudes and inclinations are noticeable from the beginning, such as an insatiable thirst for knowledge. One may even go so far as to sink their teeth into the evil-most of supposition, to further an agenda they would probably have not wished to see unravel in the first place.

If self (and *reality*) is an interplay between light and shadow, of what could and could not be, then one needs to understand that he is both. Thus, may he merge with Truth so that higher realities may come to light. If one takes literally the metaphor of the cave (Plato's *The Republic*), we, as prisoners – bound and destined to a world of dancing shadows – are not necessarily fated to behold reality as we see it on a sunlit morning. One can also embrace the darkness all around us, and the pearls of wisdom it holds within its womb.

For what is the Sun to the herd, if not a large fire casting an even larger shadow on the walls and fields of men? Does a shadow cast down beings under its mantle? The answer is quite uncertain, but it would be false to assume that the shadow disappears once it is draped in the shroud of night. What if it simply becomes one with everything, everyone, and All instead? One must continue to wonder... and marvel... and fall...

Only through *acceptance* can one then proceed further.

Although one could rationalize that, *"whilst this may be true of the herd, the exception in each crowd will attempt to lead the others out, to liberate, even as those others grasp him/her backwards into their abyss of shades. As for the sun, it too casts no light above us, only around us, illuminating where we may shift, inspiring us to explore the light and the dark, as both*

*hold illumination, and both conceal the mystery; whence Lux falls into the horizon and Nox rises, the shadow's boundaries become less distinct under Her mantle, but within Her train, the moon's soft lustre will ever extend the glow beneath us, and when we shift from Her gaze then Venus vibrates Her gentle Kalas to cast definition in shadow's thrall."*⁴

The Black Flame burns strong deep within the pilgrim. Having felt the lick of the flame – the mark of Qayin, the ensuing inferno then threatens to consume his false sense of entitlement, of selfdom. It propels his Soul past the brink of Creation where, faced with Death, it sails beyond the event horizon; until entire universes coalesce and wither before his very eyes. Ascending past the contrived tesseract of cosmos, he is no longer lost in *She'ol*. Instead, he is in a rightful part of the All, belonging to It; recognizing his shell as a dark-yet-luminous avatar meant to reject the grand scheme concocted by the god "*whose name is Jealous, [and who] is a jealous god.*"⁵ Alone, conscious, and complete, he wholly sacrifices himself to the omnivorous blight.



If indeed "*Increscunt animi, virescit volnere virtus*" ("*The spirits increase, vigour grows through a wound*"), then Yahweh involuntarily created his adversaries in Lucifer and in mankind. This cosmic struggle leads not only him but everyone to their premature demise. *It is So!* – Dawn ought to be observed in silence and Dusk ought to be welcomed with open arms.

Demiurgos imposed upon the hylic a natural, ingrained fear of the unknown – of what lies beyond what the eye can see.

4. Shani Oates, *Revelations – PILLARS 'The Scalding of Sapientia,'* and private correspondence.

5. Exodus 34:14

This was done so that when he shed his professedly benevolent light upon the world, doubt would temporarily cease, and his 'light' would ease the worry of mankind. That is, until the wayfarer grows accustomed to it, and no longer sees the 'magic' behind the warming sensation. The ever-questioning process remains victorious over any given amount of time, and so the fear implemented by the demiurge is not at all insurmountable. It is just an illusion, defeated by yet another illusion of his craft: the illusion of safety.

When one is no longer compelled to feel 'safe,' and walks freely and confidently, trusting in his own inner strength to go forward in defiance, not only does the false notion of fear disappear, but so does the demiurge and his nihilistic light. If fear creates anguish, stress, hatred, scorn, and intolerance, then we are condemned to forever live in fear of reprisal from the demiurge. Fear that if we do not worship, love, or bow down before him, we will indubitably suffer holy retribution. Fear is the mother of many symptoms, just as the 'jealous god' generated fear to begin with. It can create contrarian emotions and stimuli (such as hope and despair), and once this flame is lit, it can do much damage.

Yet, it is necessary. You must use fear with caution and vigilance, heeding the warning signs it sends you, as it prompts a fight-or-flight response and tests your potential reaction(s) when confronted. Eventually, by mastering your reaction(s), you will be able to master your own fears, thereby knowing yourself better (*Nosce Te Ipsum*). "*The Luciferian Gnostic negates the lie at the source, and rebels against whatever is an impediment to Truth, rather than perpetuating even the trace elements of it that cannot be redeemed,*"⁶ for Truth is the only God there is.

6. Shani Oates, private correspondence.

Humankind reacts in such ways that: "...any explanation is better than none. Because it is fundamentally just our desire to be rid of an unpleasant uncertainty, we are not very particular about how we get rid of it: the first interpretation that explains the unknown in familiar terms feels so good that one "accepts it as true." We use the feeling of pleasure as our criterion for truth (...) A second consequence of this need is that we identify as a cause something already familiar or experienced, something already inscribed in memory. Whatever is novel or strange or never before experienced is excluded. Thus one search not just for any explanation to serve as a cause, but for a specific and preferred type of explanation: that which has most quickly and most frequently abolished the feeling of the strange (...) Truth is [then] confused with the effects of believing something to be true; or a state of consciousness is confused with its physiological origins."⁷

To be considered a hellion, a rebel, antinomian, is indeed the essential crux of the current. It makes no difference whether which wolf you feed the most. Remember: none of these biases should alter transcendental perceptions of power and Truth. Verily, one always follows the trails of the Sephiroth and the Qliphoth *simultaneously*, climbing the Tree and leaping from branch to branch with every decision made. Thirst/Yearning for such power can only be quenched by extracts of the UmbraPlasma. It is by quenching the thirst that one can access pure libation – through being empty of such thirst.

Philosophizing with the Hammer, leads one to reconsider many things about himself. Scrupulous use of the illogical (i.e. the magickal) makes such reconsideration of values much easier, in that it does not require logic simply to 'make sense.' Doubt remains a driving factor, and such philosophical views

7. Nietzsche, Friedrich Wilhelm, *Twilight of the Idols [The Four Great Errors: 5]*, pdf document, p15.

and discourse cannot be properly assimilated into one's life without the acquiescence and regular use of the magickal.

Magick is, then, the modifying of one's perception *vis-à-vis* the observable universe, which, consequently, realigns itself to the actuated poles of one's grace. Navigating betwixt the pitfalls of knotty inklings, nethermost paradigms, and wayward wisdom, one can sense getting closer to the Omphalos of the *Anima Mundi*. Thereby, the dubious sentiment of separateness one experiences whilst being-in-the-flesh is annihilated. It is an endeavour that well exceeds a lifetime's worth of travail, for it is a stone-by-stone deconstruction of mundane measures; it levels the assumptions of humankind while it also raises up the Monolith, thus elevating virtue, helping to differentiate the mendacious gold from the green-of-the-gold. It permits one to reach the pinnacle of sentience: *henosis*.

If one acknowledges the fact that we are an intrinsic energy field which is condensed into a whole – a puppet-trinity of meat, personality, and consciousness – and that there are, supposedly, higher forces at work (also comprised of the same energy), then verily, we are It and It is us. Hence, one is constantly re-creating (or re-integrating) god, altering it, and giving it importance as the ages pass. Altering god also detracts from the constant lie we know as 'destiny' or 'pre-destination' (which is not 'fate,' as Fate (or the Fates) is a completely different beast). It is that which is ruled by exterior entities: "*daemons [that] govern all our earthly life, using our bodies as their instruments; and this government, Hermes [Trismegistus] called 'Destiny'.*"⁸



8. *Hermetica, the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus*, edited and translated by Walter Scott, Libellus XVII, p.111, Solos Press, 1992.

Fate/Wyrd is part of a large and complex sacred design that does not concern itself with the loopholes of the PCR and petty terrestrial affairs. It is the means through which one can attune oneself to one's own Path of Ascent, and thus be reacquainted with one's True Self. It is the concentric *qutub* of one's ambrosial vigour and sorcerous potency.

Destiny is like steam made solid. It is freedom and exquisite delight turned into opaque matter. Due to the Romanisation of Western religious metaphysics, Destiny is generally understood as the following: the course set before us, which is determined by causal laws and the chain-reaction of actions undertaken by the ego-self at a particular moment in time. However, this 'destined reality,' being one of many, (thus being but a single variable to be considered, or not) can be revised again and again, as enhanced perceptual focus can allow one to widen breaches into other realities, disengage, and affect changes in the Now to alter said 'destiny.'

It goes without saying that outside of the Cosm'Conundrum, destiny is impracticable for it suggests that someone/something somewhere is holding the reins (so to speak) and controlling our lives from birth to death.

Destiny is the demiurge's most effective tool for maintaining dominance over his servants. It blurs the sensory capabilities to the point where one begins to think that everything is written in the sky. This leaves most to wonder: why even try to swim against the stream? This simplification, and thoughtless reaction, is truly what is expected of us, as Destiny diminishes one's ability to detect a higher lawless Truth outside of the PCR.

This abandoning of command over the self irremediably

leads to many forms of neurotic disorders, psychotropic pathologies, and emotional distress. Psychologically, it is as if the entire hemisphere of the brain regulating one's self-worth and 'holy heritage' is shut off. Destiny is very convenient to its operator as it holds us in an absolute latent state. Under such pressure we experience what may be called 'the paleness of life,' a deep depression that comes from the belief that everything we will ever do or think will never change a thing. Yet, not only is this a misconception, but it is also nonsensical. For even though the demiurge often succeeds in preventing us from *awakening*, everything that we do or think produces its own sets of cause and effect. Such are the laws of cosmos and therein lies the irony: even Yahweh is subject to his own laws.

From Circle to Spiral

[Paradigm Shift & Dissociation from Destiny's Wheel]

We are Gods-in-the-making, like our predecessors (Elder Gods, Ancestors, Watchers, Nephilims, Holy Guardian Angels, Precious Gurus & Tulkus, etc); be they Man- or Woman-made Gods, or Godly Men and Women (or be they part of a conjoined mythological, cultural, and syncretic historical context such as: Hermes Trismegistus/Thoth, Óðinn, Paracelsus, Pythagoras, Ankh Af Khonsu/Aiwass, Gautama Buddha, Padmasambhava, or even Levi, Dee, Crowley, and Cochrane, to name but a few).

It is indeed within our ability to manipulate and alter faith, to remodel beliefs, and to think of new ways to exploit or reconstruct our surroundings. On the surface, it seems quite natural that human beings are consistently compelled to try to influence on the immediate state of things around them. No wonder, then, that most people tend to lose sight

of the bigger picture: The Quest for the Graal, for which all of the immediate worldly concerns are truly of no concern.

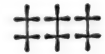
The Luciferian knows that this is but the tip of the iceberg. For if one truly 'works' on one's self, these issues will inevitably fall in line with a healthier view of the whole. In the days of yore, these people were alchemists, hermeticists, hermits, and philosophers; they challenged themselves in thought and instruction, and dedicated their lives to the Calling and to the Unknowable Seity.

Some of these crucial thoughts, however, never found a place amongst the general populace; others have been passed on for generations to come. While some of these teachings were deemed sacrilegious by the authorities of the time, and have been shunned and condemned as dangerous aberrations, there is no turning back the clock, no way to stop their ramifications. These thoughts can be temporarily subdued, slowed down in their ascension perhaps, but they have carried on, and will continue to do so, no matter what.

Despite being detrimental to the established order, these questions will never cease to linger, for they are constantly evolving and adapting to the Now. They creep into singular minds with great subtlety, undergoing metamorphoses, waiting in the dark to be discovered by future adepts.

The typical man or woman, when confronted with their reflection in the mirror, comes up with a myriad of mundane observations, i.e. issues concerned with personality, identity and morphology – a means to describe themselves. But to the adept, the answer should not come so quickly or easily – their foci should always remain not on the answer, but on what

other questions their initial questioning brings up. Avoiding structured answers to eschew categorization (even if it seems rather impossible to do) is a further step taken towards dissociating yourself from the whole Circle-Cycle.



Thus, we uncover the animated/animating force of ^(h)*Aurora*'s Neoteric Heterodoxy: to further encourage the influx of Divine Doubt. This action aids in ascent through the phrenic shattering of the Circle-Cycle (/Destiny) of the Cosm'Conundrum, toward the exalted state of the Spiral-Cycle (/Fate), finally leading back to the Pleroma of the Arc'Continuum.

A prevalent and higher Will is at work here – the Will to inspire, the (birth)right to be inspired, and to become 'Inspiration' itself. In the evoking of His magnificence, the Theophan Scribe of Ruha becomes the Enabler and Harkener of Numina.

"The tragic artist is no pessimist: he is precisely the one who says Yes to everything questionable, even to the terrible..."

~Friedrich W. Nietzsche





De Abscondita
Divina Dubiatione

Chief Principles of Reversal

O' dearest Drakonian Ambivalence! Ineffable Doubt and Bewildering Light! Thy disparities and perplexities for the conscious mind are cause for much despair, but also many wonders!

'Ambivalence' is a transforming, solid-to-liquid action (and vice-versa), encompassed within the body of the Black Wurm. Its infinite characteristics, by which the negative and positive coexist in strange harmony, are stirring the universe and creating ripples through the mist. The Drakonian Ambivalence (or Divine Doubt) is yet another inept way to explain the world of the acausal.

Doubt functions as an agent that counteracts logical, sense-based truth. It is a primary defence employed by the illogical supernatural truths – ones that prevail and move about freely within the lower emanations. Ambivalence is an active mode of Divine Doubt and does not necessarily stem from the inability to make a choice. Rather, ambivalence is knowing that one's choices can be revisited and shuffled at any given time.

Every possible thought has been doubted at some time or another, except the thought which can only be expressed by a note of interrogation, since to doubt that thought asserts it ... But apart from this deep-seated philosophic doubt there is the practical doubt of every day. The popular phrase, "to doubt evidence of one's senses," shows us that that evidence is normally accepted; but a man of science does nothing of the sort. He is so well

aware that his senses constantly deceive him, that he invents elaborate instruments to correct them. And he is further aware that the Universe which he can directly perceive through sense, is the minutest fraction of the Universe which he knows indirectly. ...There is therefore no à priori reason for rejecting anything on the ground that it is not directly perceived by the senses.⁹

In Doubt thou shalt find Wisdom... And Wisdom is Vision!

Passivity is for the blind-dead. But why would those subjective 'facts' be deemed Truth? Therein lies a puzzling question: what exactly is Doubt? It goes without saying that, to uncover a suitable answer would be profoundly paradoxical to the ramifications of its inference. So, how does one attack the metaphor? How may the pilgrim wade through such murky waters? What if the questions must remain unanswered, and we simply have to accept that? One can never truly behold Doubt (encapsulated within Truth) in its entirety; on his sojourn, one may only see fleeting fragments of its theophanic glory. It can only be appreciated as an impulse to bolt in another direction, towards harm if need be. It should be considered a last resort when one suddenly experiences a drought of operable alternatives. After all, conventional reasoning hates to admit that, truly, *"It is what it is."*

Having Sphinx-like traits, Doubt is a test: the *ultima enigma* and hermetic riddle of the guardian. Oscar Wilde once said, *"Give a man a mask and he will tell the truth."* Doubt is such a mask, cloaking the visage of ultimate Truth. As an unconscious process rising to the surface via

9. Crowley, Book 4, Red Wheel/Weiser, p.34-35.

the Ajna, the mysterious nature of Divine Doubt is trifold – comprised of Isis (i.e. interrogation, feminine in nature), Osiris (i.e. ponderation, masculine in nature), and Lord & Lady conjoined in *Unio Mystica*, birthing Horus the Child (i.e. epiphany, androgynous in nature = I.O.H). Its effects in the causal universe are felt as a direct transmission from the Pale-Faced Goddess via the nexus of Da'at/LUh'hUR, suggesting overcoming the misconception towards Destiny and its catena sequence. Doubt ceases to be division once Destiny is taken under control. Then Death open its doors, granting the Soul safe return to the Garden of Midnight, and into the embrace of *Mater Nihil*.

Therefore, one ought to doubt everything there IS, as well as everything stated here (or, indeed, in any book). This work is not meant to chastise or enforce values and ideologies, but if it can help open the inner-eye and reveal slightly more about one's 'self,' helping to embrace it instead of shunning it, then so be it. Allow inspiration to seep in, and never fear to doubt everything and everyone, including yourself – especially yourself. More than anything, doubt the illusion(s) so you may cut through the mist and reach the other-side unharmed, resolute, and freed.

For instance, when reading *The Book of Lies* [*Liber CCCXXXIII – Book 333*, by Frater Perdurabo], one could point out that the supreme principle and sole basis of Truth primarily lies in Doubt. The reflection of Doubt (which approximately mirrors/interprets Truth on this plane) is why Doubt first appears as un-truth, as it seems to have no solid foundation. However, no foundation is required. Doubt does not need to rely on anything, nor does it need to be posited, situated, or even balanced for It to Be.

For there is nothing at all underneath Doubt, and nothing precedes its very idea.

Pertinent to the subject at hand, one would be wise to avoid the 'obvious' intellectual catch-22 when evaluating or debating the very concepts of Truth and Doubt (or more precisely, Truth *vs.* Doubt), as it is indeed all too easy to fall into the trap of considering both as different facets of the same coin. These need not, and should not, be deduced as opposite poles on the same scale, but rather be regarded as indissociable entities that are truly one and the same. It need be said, and repeated: Truth is Truth, and there are no levels to Truth; it surpasses mere levels of perceptual comprehension. Hence, when speaking of Divine Doubt in such a clumsy manner as within these pages, one must contextualize Doubt as the single-most important expression of Holy-Truth-Made-Manifest. Only then can Doubt be somewhat explained, having profound implications and purpose in the Cosmogony of the Possible.

We must also identify the clear demarcation between what is considered as 'certain' from that which is 'true.' There is no obligatory correlation between Certainty and Truth. Ironically, though, we can ascertain that 'certainty' may delimit and appraise our inaccurate and idiosyncratic scope within the physical, psychological, anatomical, and the metaphysical domains. Doubt, however, is as limitless as the innocence of a child – provided it remains suspended in the Æther and not broken down by environmental, experiential, and educational factors, infinitely questioning the question, never holding onto reason for too long before moving on.

We all live under the dictum of assumptions; to claim otherwise and try to grasp and appropriate Truth for oneself is often – if not always – a sign of self-deception and arrogance. Even though we are raised to trust facts and act prudently in life, one would be wise to not forget that these are suggestions, bound to cosmic decree, and enforced by its archonic marshals. Even if we are subjected to them, these are debatable *concepts*, highly susceptible to alteration and manipulation; for such is the reality supporting the whole of the PCR.

This does not mean that perception is always the antithesis of Truth. Quite the contrary, perception is what allows us to convey ideas, and ideas are most powerful. But let it be understood that perception is also an efficient tool if used properly (and like any tool, it also has defects). If left in the wrong hands, this tool could be dangerous and have devastating consequences. The Yin always has its Yang. It is a double-edged sword that, and if one is not careful enough, it may cause harm (or even ‘poke out’ an eye, thus permanently diminishing one’s ‘vision’). That said, accepting perception as a flawed principle is as good a starting point as any other. It is simply a means to an end, much-needed on this existential plane, but not the end of our sensorial world.

Alas, an idea is an ever-changing variable; as soon as one is taken by an idea, instantly it undergoes dramatic change until it represents something else entirely. Or the idea multiplies (from a singular form to plural) and creates many different designs. In this respect, an idea is like a mysterious fluctuation, intimately unknown to (and by) most. Computed by the brain, an idea inevitably produces a widening spiral of opportunities; more importantly, though, it spawns further questioning.

The more basic the idea, the closer it is to initial Chaos, and the less likely it is to be a source of tangible influence under the law of the five senses. Hence why the brain has an ontological need to reshape any ideas anew. Ideas once admixt in such manner help create comforting boundaries and the feeling of certainty. But to unearth its source ultimately means reverting to its core-essence: Doubt. To take a position is to distance yourself from that same position. Doubt forces kinetic passage and increases the choices we make in life. Insomuch as Doubt is a mystery, so too does it equal humankind in its quality of being "*a troubled stream from a pure source.*"¹⁰

TALION

(ReEvaluation – Re[E]volution)

Along the road of human evolution, there are missing sign posts and darkened passages – anthropologists are yet unable to accurately pinpoint (for it is still widely debated) the exact moment, within a speculative timeframe, when our primate ancestors became *homo sapiens sapiens*. Concurrently, many questions arise concerning the growth of consciousness, and of our spiritual and intellectual evolutionary process (which is truly a foggy territory to explore, so deeply set is it in Mystery).

Are the two events separate, or do they coincide with one another? Are they even related?

The spiritual evolution of bipedal mammals may be dependent on a vast pool of gnosis out of which we once 'fished' for a higher knowledge that eventually became lost in translation – as mythologized in the story of the

10. Lord Byron, *Prometheus*: 50, pdf document, digital transcript of the original, 1816.

Tower of Babel from the Old Testament. This knowledge may have been modified by leaders throughout history as a means of socio-political control. As these initially simple beliefs travelled, borrowing from local folklores and myths along the way, they emerged as something inexorably different from what began at their common point of origin. The migration itself proves to be the fundamental cement of institutional religions worldwide, yet it is easy to agree that they all shared the same germinal roots (i.e. the Original Mind, or the Collective Unconscious as Jung coined it).

Finding our way back to this fountainhead of wisdom poses an interesting dialectic. Deductions can be posited and mulled over, but can they be assumed as imperatives? No. For Doubt, raging on, is the only certainty there is. One can only back up sophistry by willing it as truth under the law of propelled intent affecting changes in the causal playground; which is one of the rudimentary tenets of the *Arte Magickal*.

*“The Sage will always seek the Truth,
the Imbecile has already found it”¹¹*

~Anonymous



11. Taken from *Les Thanatonautes*, by Bernard Werber, 1994.

Roughly translated by G. Mc Caughy.

*I am the Self-Slain pallbearer,
Standing silent on top of crumbling Pillars.
Traces of a senescent reality,
I sweep under my feet.*

*Facing the facts,
And staring them down to shame.*

*Sourness kindles my choices;
Tasting of venom on my palate...*

*Is my Soul aching for permanence?
As are words etched on stone,
Or inked on papyrus?*

*Degrading the how,
Delaying the when,
And puzzling the why.*



*The Lord indeed works
In mysterious ways;
For he does call himself Lord,
Does he not?*

*O' Luminous Usurper,
Of Phosphoros/Eosphoros Rex!*

*Reveal thy True Name, haShem!
& Tremble before the Master's work of ages;
The shattering of Bella Figura!*

*Behold!
The reconfiguration of the exiguous schema!*

For I am the Perditionist.

The self-sustaining pattern.



LEXICON *of the Arte*

Symbolical Metonymy



et us agree that everything connected to the ontological facets of Chaos has to be explored in ways and using methods that far surpass the reasoning and reasonable mind.

It is only natural that, within the confines of the Material Cosmos, one can merely attempt to explain these theorems through traces of our known historical and symbolical past. Even if their context may change, it is still relevant to understand their progressive meaning before trying to summarize an ever-expanding and evolving belief system. The word 'system' is used rather loosely, as it normally suggests an adamant structure comprised of solid barriers which, if misconstrued, can appear constrictive. Knowledge, will, and wisdom are the keys to everything, and only a healthy flow between these will help to properly assimilate the writings, sigils, and seals, to augment the so-called system.

Offered within the following pages are interpretations of the historical, symbolical, and chimeric concordances used and abused throughout this manuscript. For the sake of coherence, some superfluous definitions have been removed, for they are impertinent to the parallels at hand. This will help in identifying the nature of this *Opus Alchymicum*, and what stands in opposition to it. When the interpretations start to veer towards the sinister and ominous, look past the *Pia Fraus* ('divine lie') and realize that what may appear to be 'diabolical' is but a skewed view that has been imposed on us since the earliest stages of life. Despite who you are, everything we are called upon to do, feel, experience, and rejoice in, is and will be ultimately demonized by the clerical

ministries, or by 'well-thinking' automatons. Let them enjoy the noose, so to speak – it is, after all, their 'god-given' right. There is no shame in accepting one's separation from the flock, nor should acquiring (or, rather, acquiescing to) one's sorcerous vision (Cimmerian Sight) be looked upon suspiciously. Accept the gift, the fever, the mark, the burden! Revel in its folly – O' dancing Fools!

✠ Luciferianism

(Neoteric Heterodoxy • Mystical philosophy • Wellspring of honour, strength, and humility found in Faith & Sacrifice • Pride unencumbered by hubris • The embracing of adversity, and through life, a deeply-fascinating worldview for those who may understand its covert purpose • Self-initiation on the Path of Return.)

Luciferianism: that which is aimed at the ever-evolving and continuous pursuit of Gnosis all-encompassing. Through the observation of symbols and the attribution of meaning (conducive to the awareness of a Godhead), that which is actively part of the spiritual exercises of being or becoming a 'nomadic' *neokoros* (guardian of the temple). Pilgrims on the Path of the Exiled, walking in the footsteps of giants, where Qayin once paved the road, climbing the alchemical ladder to bring back the essence of the Divine into matter, thusly achieving *henosis* (up and down the PCR and the *Al'Thuba*, in order to transcend it).

Luciferianism makes a clear distinction between awakening and enlightenment, between the Way (Great Awakening) and the attaining of the Way (Supreme Enlightenment) as put forth by Valentinius' spiritual hierarchy toward ultimate unity in God-Most-High, far beyond the

male/female syzygies of the Ogdoadic Æons and the rule of the demiurge. Sacrifice of the Soul to the Self, and vice-versa.

“The work is immensely experiential, very fluid, exceptionally diverse, and absolutely Seeker specific.”¹

~Shani Oates

✧ The UmbraPlasma:

(Pleroma • The Vortex-Void • Chaos • The Source • Azoa • Ginnungagap, etc.)

Paramount to the vision of this enchiridion is a principle rooted in the indefinable, the incommunicable, and the inexpressible. Attempting to describe the acosmic garden of absolute ‘neutrality’ as either a state, force, event, or region is quite simply impossible. The Unknowable, or in the words of Madame Blavatsky, *“An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is beyond the range and reach of thought — in the words of Mandukya [Upanishad], unthinkable and unspeakable.”²*

The ineffable elliptic, the Placeless Aforetime, is the primeval void of empty-fullness (the True Alpha & Omega, or what Chumley referred to as “The Metacosm of Between; being the Zenith and the Nadir”). That which acts by gluing ‘Everything and Nothing’ together in a cohesive, albeit illogical, (w)hole from the outer shell of Creation, outside of Time. The fundamental mortar allowing for coagulation and dissolution of matter, which, in turn, can birth the atom as well as entire clusters of galaxies, sprawling with Life and synchronously being the domain

1. Oates, Shani, *Star-Crossed Serpent Vol.II*, Mandrake of Oxford, 2012.

2. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine – The Adyar Edition* – in six volumes, The Theosophical Publishing House, 1971.

of the Many-Deaths. Perhaps sharing similarities with the unified field of Superstring theories, knowing all too well that, in the grand scheme of things, there is no man-made way to define such a force.

Chaos is permutation, open to any sort of translation in accordance with its own regulation (or lack of regulations). It both represents and is evolution. Stagnation and form do not manifest tangibly within the archaic, akarmic womb. Being exempt from observation, the UmbraPlasma is devoid of 'specific' phenomenon. From It, the primal ingredients are derived which will eventually crystallize into quanta of various proportions; despite surface dissimilarities, they remain interwoven as they create the mantle and backdrop to AL-manifestation (cause and effect, chronology, layers of infinity, perception, consciousness, etc.) These quanta (or pockets of potentia) have no relevance of their own, and can only experience themselves through the reflection of the UmbraPlasma. Duality is born from this singular moment, this peculiar 'need,' and not by the mating of any two sources – only in the realization of itself being no-thing. Nature cannot be the unit of origin, since nature is regulated by laws so that things may unfold and 'happen' (be this 'happening' a birth, destruction, or a recycling). Therefore, nature is no originator, but only part of appearances. The UmbraPlasma precedes the very notion of illusion(s), but it contains its possibility.

For a thorough, mostly hermeneutical-psychoanalytical exploration of the Pleroma, its fullness of nothing-ness, and its self-annihilating qualities, commit yourself to reading *Seven Sermons to the Dead* (*Septem Sermones Ad Mortuos*) from Carl Gustav Jung.

Note of interest: In Latin, the Void was referred to as *horror vacui*. One of the first philosophers to ever mention its existence was Democritus in the fifth century, B.C. Not long after, Aristotle casually swept its very notion under the rug, stating “*Nature loathes emptiness*,” and further adding that the “*Vacuum does not exist*.” It was only in 1643 that Italian physicist Evangelista Torricelli, basing his work on an idea by Galileo, proved the existence of the Void with a complex experiment using a device of his invention: the barometer. He could then measure the vacuum of space with the Torr unit of measurement.³

✠ The Omni-Cipher:

(Primordial Matriarch • Queen Hekate • The Womb & the Tomb • The Pale-Faced Goddess of Crossroads & Witchcraft • Ruha-Shekinah • Nuit • Mater Nihil • Babalon/Lilith • Gullveig • Divine Genetrix: oOo.)

The Omni-Cipher is the proto-deity and vulvic-throne at the center of the UmbraPlasma, acting as an aperture for the Mystery to pass through. It is from Her womb that All emerges, and into which All eventually returns, for Her womb consumes All without discrimination. The Omni-Cipher, being the Queen of the spidery Fates, weaves the very fabric of time and space. Ancient Norse mythology refers to Her as the destruction of reason by illumination at the advent of Ragnarøk.

As an entity to be praised, invoked or evoked, the author has chosen not to make use of prior traditional names and prefers to call ‘it’ the Omni-Cipher, or simply ‘oOo.’ It is suggested that one should find an appellation that one is comfortable with; whether imagined, divinely inspired, or well-established, its name must resonate harmoniously with

3. Source: Werber, Bernard, *Le Souffle des Dieux*, Albin Michel, 2005.

one's own design. The more personal the words used in one's personal rites, the more likely the operations are to succeed.

✠ Lucifer / Luth'riEl

(Lux-Cipher / LuxFerre / Lumiel • Auroræ • The Baphomet • Agni • The Other • The Peacock-King & the Horned Child • The Bearer of Light crowned with both Horns & Halo • Surtr-Loki • Rider of the Great Beast; i.e. the Dragon of Hane'elam, which is Leviathan, or the great Na'hash, regulating one's Kundalini; mind, heart, sex & soul, but the fire also referred to as Yaldabaoth tamed and subdued.)

"Lucet is the King of Light, fire, love and intellect, of birth and joy... the Child ... few can face that vision without aid from an even Higher Source. [Note: Lucet is obviously an aspect of Lucifer in his younger form. As an archetype and a deity, He also shares attributes with Hermes-Mercury]"⁴

~Evan John Jones and Shani Oates

We must distance ourselves from the contrived 'devilish' connotations assigned to Lucifer, whereby he is only seen as an equivalent of Samael, Semjâzâ, or demons such as Lucifuge Rofocale of the Goetia. Although historically relevant and worthy of study, these definitions are only fractions of the totality that is Lord Lucifer, the supreme word of power, who, in Jungian term, is analogous to Abraxas in his qualities of effectiveness and motion ever-on-going. Consider that Lucifer can be the Sethian malefactor, accuser, and adversary, while Luth'riEL can be the benefactor, saviour-in-gnosis, and the Cainic Christ-like figure. Both are Atman, present and accessible in the votary's bosom. Both represent the primordial Chaos-Serpent who will, through inner-conflict, bring about unification of *Anima* and *Animus*.

4. Evan John Jones and Shani Oates, *The Star Crossed Serpent - Volume 1*, Mandrake, 2012.

His deception and betrayal, however, references the Old Model — much like Osiris, who had to be slain by his brother Set so that Horus could come into being, thereby becoming the guardian of the solar barge, and with his coronation, inaugurating the New Aeon.

Trimorphic Protennoia (triple-formed primal thought) brought forth Lucifer into the multiverse to celebrate the powers of thought, intelligence, and foresight. He is the OverSoul of the Chymical Nuptials, the Horned King who sacrifices himself only to be reborn as His own Child in successions ($0=1+1=3$). The ego-self and the Atman, conscious and unconscious states of being, split by an energized deity creating trituration between polar opposites. The Luciferian-Sat'an is, then, a test of strength, of willpower, that one must overcome in order to be reunited with the Source.

He is the Formula and the Wound called the refiner: Esperus and Eosphorus (dusk and dawn in embrace). In Lucifer, the Omni-Cipher found a voice to spread its message of endless possibilities. His laughter is the echo of the Great Void and the multifarious facade of its wrathful wisdom under the Sign of Trimurti.

The author never considered Lucifer/Sat'an as the so-called 'Antichrist,' per se, as it is pointless to use His name as an excuse for humankind to relinquish accountability for its actions. This conclusion is too easy to reach if one prescribes to the old depictions of Lucifer. However, if one analyses the historical significance of the figure instead, one may conclude that the Luciferian-Sat'an was the first-favoured of the Most High, and He too suffered the ordained gift of martyrdom by bringing wisdom and knowledge to mankind. In sharing central

characteristics of the hierarchy of Christ-like figures such as Horus, Zoroaster, Dionysus, and Krishna, this fallen angel was made Lord of many complex and conflicting principles. The 'satanic' aspect of Lucifer is the manifested intent of darkness; the blade of the Luciferian Gnostics used to cut through the limited cognition and ignorance of humankind.

If we were to differentiate between the two, Lucifer is the *why*, and Satan is the *how*. One is the battle cry leading us to war, the other is the sword wielded against our 'inner' foes... and yet they are one and the same. With Satan, one will defend the throne and Her grace, bringing about the destruction of many great empires. But Lucifer will always remain the prime motivator. This clarification must not confuse: Lucifer is (or can be) Satan, and Satan is (or can be) Lucifer. Only when referring to Him in different contexts, and only in understanding that semantics are not enough to delineate the importance of such a grand principle and deity, will one be able to find clarity. In Lucifer lies a choice, and the possibility to make choices: to look forward, backward, inward or outward, but mostly through oneself... in contradiction with Tetragrammaton, where the only choices available have a predestined set of outcomes ruled by causality and dogma.

Lucifer works to bring souls back to the germinal Pleroma beyond the PCR, in the dark unseen and unknown to the demiurge. Yahweh does not bear the Black Flame within (True Free Will) and only out of ego did he proclaim himself All-Father of the celestial vault, in eons of yore. His archons are working restlessly for the preservation of the One Lie of Original Sin. He sees Lucifer as just another human heresy, a dream and a recreational comfort, failing to see beyond his own illusion.

This is exactly where Lucifer operates: behind enemy lines, dwelling unnoticed until it is too late for the blind-tyrant to react. After all, *"the finest trick of the devil is to persuade you that he does not exist."*⁵

Lucifer is an exoteric entity, initially dissociated from the adept's individual 'selves.' However, when he acts upon humanity as either a guide or (tor)mentor, he borrows elements and proprieties which are, at a precise moment (in the Now), vacant within the individual's psyche and Soul. Those positions are interchangeable, and so, even if perception's scope is temporarily aimed in another direction, its shadow is that of Lucifer. Perception needs rewiring to grasp the concept of osmosis with the Lord, revealing the esoteric Lucifer (the inner teacher). As the student becomes one of Lucifer's elongated tentacles, from the meeting point between being and becoming, one then becomes 'the verb' as well, master of one's probable duplicate, in the space-time continuum.

After all, one of His known totemic identities is the peacock; its feathers providing quills for the poet, who is verily the Seraph of Death, distilling Light through the Quartz of Return, and painting a world of myriad colours!

✠ Demiurgos:

(Cosmic patriarch • Yahweh • Tetragrammaton • Chnoubis • Ego-principle personified • Self-imposed ignorance, etc.)

The 'uncreated' god and first patriarch, spawned from anti-matter/energy, beneath the Omni-Cipher, emerged from the well of Chaos and developed an ego of his own and a pretension of uniqueness (bear in mind: Chaos is the primogenitor of Idea[l]s and forms, but cannot even be

5. Charles Baudelaire.

referred to as 'The One,' for it stands without circumference, unlike the cosmic gods and what came after them). In the most ludicrous and monumental display of ego, the demiurge claimed dominion over everything that was to follow after him, swearing himself in as All-Father of Creation/PCR.

This narrative is firmly rooted in apocryphal doctrine similar to heathenistic and gnostic worldviews. As a mental process, it is a method of visualization helping the practitioner better target their own ego-driven mania, to come to terms with it, and to keep it in check. It means paying one's dues, being accountable for one's shortcomings and failures, but also owning up to that which aggrandizes one's stature, on the way to becoming a complete individual.

✧ PCR - Prism Concrete Reality:

(Cosmos • World of Matter and Phenomena • Resultant of the Big-Bang (or Big-Bounce, etc.) • Cube of Space • Tetractys • Birth of Locustism • The Four first stages of Alchemy • Zoa, etc.)

The world of the visible and comprehensible (i.e. what can be uncovered, understood, and even reproduced under the light of the sun), and that which is stuck in the reflection/projection pattern, constituting the mosaic of life. The Prism Concrete Reality is the cubic representation of coagulated phenomena, the immediate cosmos, and the existential staleness of the observable universe, provoking decay of Divine intent and purity. It can be said to encompass the majority of the Scientific fields of inquiry. For the individual, it is a quick and easy term to describe one's perceptual asylum, or the feeling of one's dissociation from the Divine.

Numerous religious and spiritual systems claim that the cosmos and life (and therefore existence itself), are all born from a godly breath which was exhaled at the beginning of Time. They also claim that the apogee of revelation, our common 'apocalypse,' would be the realisation of the 'finite' nature and duration of that same breath, which progressively diminishes until its eventual extinction. Yet, it may not be so. The expiration and expiation of the demiurge might not represent the finality of Creation, *per se*. It may simply mean that the end of the 'blast' will mark the beginning of the next stage of transgression. The demiurge is dying, exhaling Sephiroth, but consequently inhaling Qliphoth, their corrupted, toxic shells (the 'evil' and poisonous *Eitr*) coursing through its body, decaying it from within.

What permits cosmic existence is, by default, restricted and restriction itself. The lungs need air to pump blood towards the heart, sustaining the whole system. Mankind is that very same 'air' in the lungs of god. God needs mankind to be operational, but much like a foreign, viral, and vampiric organism, mankind is sucking dry the vitality of god. Eventually, the lungs will collapse. Humanity has always sought damnation and annihilation, and has been raising hell inside the body of the demiurge since the days of Adam.

Locustism, or how to infect and consume a body, structure, or environment, before trespassing to the Other-Side, is fundamentally how human nature works. The result of our folly in scarring and blemishing the varnish is proof enough of this. Most people are instinctively contributing to this motto and *mode-de-vie*, simply by not trying to alter in any way the cycle/paradigm. A cycle we all know too well, as its nefarious effects have been proven a thousandfold throughout

mankind's history. Preservation and continuation was never something intended for our species, despite how hard humans cling to life, whether in pain, decay, or despair. We are witnessing a perpetual and disastrous ecological maelstrom of our own creation, and we are unable to turn back the hands of time. Humankind has been sitting anxiously on a time bomb from the very beginning – in and of itself an interesting, if not mind-boggling, paradox.

The final epoch of humankind is nigh. Everything Earth-bound is dying to die! One can feel this in the Ayre, predict it in the Flame, and we can all of us sense it deep inside. How one uses what time remains is a question every Luciferian asks himself every given day of his life.

✧ The Temple of LUh-hUR*:

(Wormhole/Black Hole • The Eye of the Storm • Naos of Between • The Castle Perilous • The Rose, the Lotus & the Grave • Da'ath: the Silver Sphere • 11th chamber inside the Quartz of Return • Fifth Aether of Alchemy.)

The genus loci of LUh-hUR is a metaphysical area at the heart of Luth'riel's 'body,' where the adept can access the Akashic records, in *Śūnyatā*. But the guardian of the gates is Lord Lucifer in a most vicious guise, whose appearance resembles that of the triple-headed Cerberus.

It is within LUh-hUR that one commits to erase one's 'god-given' Name, allowing a return to the loving arms of the Goddess in the Pleroma. This most sacred sanctuary is the Castle beyond the River, reachable only when one establishes a bridge (Bifröst) across it, or tunnels beneath it (through Da'ath), or proceeds to part the Ebon Seas, in order to arrive

* More information about the Temple of LUh-hUR is available within the article "The Temple of LUh-hUR: A Voyage through the Event-Horizon," which first appeared in Anathema Publishing's occult periodical *Pillars Volume 1: Psychopompos* (Issue 1, 2012), republished in 2016 as part of the deluxe anthology of *Pillars Volume 1: Perichoresis*.

at the place where both Nightside and Dayside meet, where everything is fixed in the Now. Only then, can True Work commence. The Naos of Between, serving as one's inner sanctum, is where the wayfaring devotee, the myrkridr, will, in troth, seek and toil to find one's own Grail, for only *"In fate and the overcoming of fate, lies the grail."*⁶

Tis' the Gray Zone, elsewhere and elsewhen, granting the plenary privilege to confide in, and exchange with, one's Atman. Once fear is conquered, one can begin to understand Lucifer's teachings (for better or for worse) and to fashion one's emerald, or philosopher's stone.

The LUh-hUR operation is a subjective ritual approach for reaching the Temple and making use of this hallowed ground for introspection. At the liminal threshold between the Nigredo and Albedo stages of the alchemical ladder (from within the silver spheric Chamber of Gnosis), one learns to master one's own fear. Past and future probabilities-turned-possibilities merge; it is the taming of Cerberus. By conversing with one's True-Self, one is enacting and symbolizing the epitome of 'light,' and the shedding of the old skin, 'darkness'... as would one rising from the ashes.

This operation took several years to perfect (and several more years after the fact, for the author to find the nerve to commit it to paper and dare suggest an interpretation). The processes, mantras, and core concepts had to be completely rejuvenated and adapted to the author's finite ontological comprehension. Additionally, it had to remain faithful to the direction received, and true to the guidance offered from the passive tentacle of Lord Lucifer – thenceforth designated as Luth'riel NoxFerre (also: Luriel, Lumiel, or Lucet).⁷

6. Robert Cochrane, Letter 2 to Joe Wilson, 12th Night 1966, *SCSIII* (Oates 2017. Mandrake of Oxford), p366.

However, one must understand that there is no singular or right way to reach LUh-hUR. In fact, the old motto "*All roads leads to Rome*" is applicable here. Only verifiable results can either confirm or dismiss one's undertaking.

✠ The Monolith:

(The Black Menhir • The Mono-Light / Monad's Light • Baetyl left behind in the wake of Lucifer's Fall and a fragment of his radiant numen encased in 'concrete.')

Grandiose, yet imperceptible. Diamond-like, yet asomatous, Azothic, forever and always casting its immeasurable shadow upon the human world, and well beyond...

Hither lies before the seeker, the quintessential *Prima Materia*, "*from which all bodies were formed and into which they might again be dissolved...*"⁷ The infamous emerald dislodged from Lucifer's crown during the Fall, which, descending as a glowing meteorite, dimmed until its light faded and it became pitch black. This primeval shard became the Omphalos, containing the whole of the universe – an additional clue as to why and how Lucifer is deemed ruler of this world.

Scry inward: the higher the impulse, the stronger the Will to commune with the projected forms of thyself. The Monolith begs to be chiseled, carved, and polished by thine hands, even though its surface is of the smoothest perfection. In its mystery lies the sin of temptation, the temptation to sin – the salacious pull to deface a thing of beauty with thine Name, to acquire a treasure, thereby surpassing thy mediocre stature, and call it thine own.

7. Hamilton, Nigel, *The Alchemical Process of Transformation*, 1985.



To walk towards the Monolith, serene and exalted, is to walk within the Night itself. A procedure which is threefold in nature: with the first step, thou shall fade and dissipate before Its shadow. With the second, thou shall be exposed to Its onyx refection as if staring directly into the Abyss. And with the third, thou shall be engulfed as if thou wast covered in molten tar, to sink into Its depths. Becoming one and none with Its lifeblood and obscure tincture.

As the spume of Luna coagulates under white fire, the Soul is bathed in aqua permanis as the Self is released to become stone – no longer subject to corruption and blighting of the body. In the land of Noden, never to dread again the furnace for fear of scalding... Purified, rarified, solidified, and immutable.

The Monolith breathes in an ever-slowng succession, bringing about a welcomed finality and salvation.

Back doorway of the tetractys. It is the spinal cord of the pilgrim, and central pillar of the All. The Tree trunk for the weary traveller to lean upon, to pause and reflect, before resuming his pilgrimage.

The Monolith is the theosophical constant when working with acausal propositions in chaotic and perceptually challenging conditions. It is law (yet only idiosyncratically so), hence why the subjectivity of the model allows for transmogrification by the practitioner. Its underlying principle lies in the paradox of its malleable stability; a correlation to allegorize the model/system, as if we compared it to the speed of light (as in the maximum, unwaveringly consistent speed at which all matter, and hence information, can travel), which supports the current understanding of our cosmological model. This, despite increasingly more accurate ways of calculating said speed, make it so that the 'constant' speed itself is being adjusted for a more precise meter. What most scientific text books will fail to mention is how many times in recorded history our hyper-advanced tools measured the speed of light well above or under the previously determined benchmark. The information was gladly discarded, as it would cause countless established theories to be reconsidered and scrutinized. Of course, it is not suggested here that this information is by any means a shocking secret; it is at anyone's fingertips (with a quick internet search). The author only wishes to emphasize that even stern and adamant assumptions can be reshaped and repurposed for one, or for 'the many,' cognitive needs.

"Light doesn't always travel at the speed of light ... Focusing or manipulating the structure of light pulses reduces their speed,

even in vacuum conditions.”⁸ Light, for instance, as a law is a constant; like all laws, however, it is subject to manipulation and tampering. No thing is absolute, so all things can be engaged at some level, be it light (photons and quarks) or general assumptions and widely disseminated information.

The same notion may be applied to the Monolith – or any model of understanding, for that matter. Take the Sephiroth and the Qliphoth for instance: far from being empirical regularities, they are ‘sandboxes’ to explore as one pleases. As willpower and magick shapes anew axioms of old, the devotee, while simultaneously scrying inward and gazing outward, does not bend before the model; rather, they give it new meaning and form. Remember: “*To Observe is to Alter.*” (p.73)

Verily, there is no absolute constant; the UmbraPlasma permeates everything. The law of All forever prevents such a conception to settle and coagulate... His Law and Her Love, within and without. (This idea is further explored within the chapter, “Approaching the Monolith,” p. 218)

✧ The Quartz of Return or Collapsing Tree of Life & Death:

(The Multi-Verse • Superposed Sephiroth & Qliphoth / Dayside and Nightside • Jacob’s Ladder • 11 dimensions of duality, making for the sacred alphabet (22) & the major Arcana of the Tarot, and having 39 Paths. - Three under Nine, under and unto the Mysteries.)

The Quartz of Return is a pseudo-Qabbalistic analytical tool – a symbolic embodiment similar to the Sephiroth and Qliphoth, in that it features shells (or spheres) of influence,

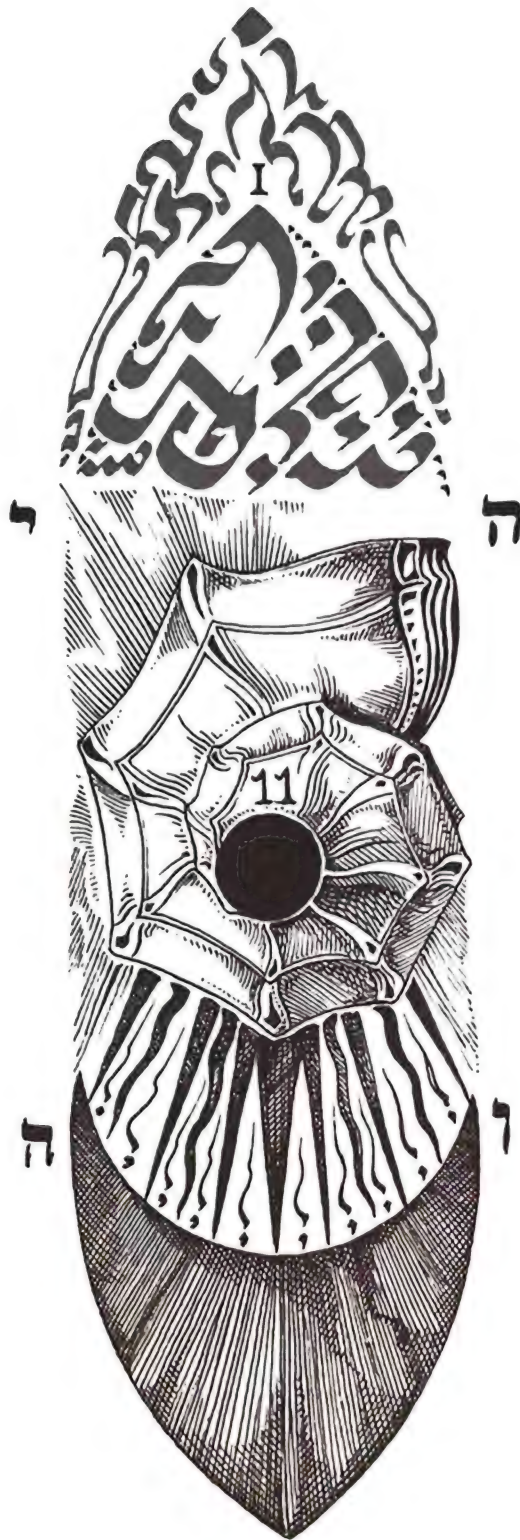
8. *Speed of light not so constant after all*, ScienceNews, Vol.187, No.4, February 21, 2015, p. 7.

and relates to what scriptures refer to as The Fall of Man, which brought about the universe as we know it.

Planes (or Virtue-Realms) are a superposition of various levels of perception (within the confines of the PCR), whereas dimensions are everything else outside (detached from the PCR). Mapping these dimensions, planes, and spheres of influence (the verticals, horizontals, parallels, and perpendiculars) onto a new model is an arduous task, as it is immensely difficult to adapt to the irregular interfaces of those distinct worlds.

The Quartz of Return is the direct result of the collision (and subsequent merger) of both sides of the Tree of Life and Death. Since this is an ever-ongoing process, we will refer to it often as The Collapsing Tree of Life and Death (contracting, pulsing, reforming, *ad æternam*). The Monolith embodies this whole thought-form, being the nominal idea of the Quartz, the phenomenal objectivity of the Collapsing Tree, but also the scrying mirror for the devotee to dissolve into. At its heart lies the portal of Da'ath and the Onyx Sun of Shael'aash, and at its centre is the Temple of LUh-hUR.

The Tree collapses on its axis, in an inward circular motion, hence the displacement and amalgamation of certain Sephira and Qlipha. Merged in this way, they become something else altogether. This is in part due to the overwhelming pull of Lucifer's heart (i.e. Da'ath / Gnosis Kardias), returning all aeons to their annihilated (or absent) state. This does not, however, take on the form of a traditional pyramid-shaped hierarchy (from upper to lower echelons). Rather, it is like a growth, spiralling from bud to blossom, and from the Ebon Kteis to the jewels in the centre of the Lotus.



The material universe expands as the spiritual universe compresses and collapses on itself, becoming stale and as smooth as a precious black lodestone. Eventually, it reaches a point of singularity, thus becoming the Void. The arcane faculties of the student expand, as they hone in on Truth, shedding detrimental layers of the Self. The ego regresses, compressing onto itself, before merging with the Void.

✠ Of Magick:

(The Black Flame • Distilled Will propelled and crystallized through the Æther, supported by a system, language, or egregore • Focus acting outside temporal dimensions, exercising pressure on the causal • Strengthened, expanded Intent, to be moulded to one's propensity.)

Magick is the humility required to acknowledge greatness within. Man's primal desire, since time immemorial, is to dream ourselves as 'real.' To Will out of contemplation the 'I' and the 'we.'

Magick, does not rightly 'exist,' at least, not according to the current scientific model. Yet Magick itself defies the 'model.' Indeed, all things pertaining to matter and natural forces may eventually be explained scientifically, to finally join the rest of life's former mysteries, now explained and apparently devoid of their 'mysterious' quality. Vainly, this is done to invalidate what we had once considered as Magick, relegating these mysteries to the realm of academia and a criterion of what ought to be – sadly, an all too familiar nihilistic discourse. But our studies are precisely concerned with what truly lies beyond this premise. The miracles, or magickal happenings of yesteryear, may just be the trite conventions of tomorrow. Yet through ritual and symbolic

magickal application (whether modern or archaic), one manages to obtain knowledge that far surpasses the circumspections of the material world. This process (when a singular idea passes from the ethereal non-existence of the unconscious to the forefront of consciousness, to be actuated upon in the Now), alters entire paradigms and creates new absolutes for one's purpose – potentially affecting entire groups of people. This is why Magick is also called the Nameless Arte, or the Mystery Arte... for indeed it is an art-form; Art above and under all arts.

Everything secret, cryptic, confusing, or unknown to us (be it something that inspires awe or fear), can be considered Magick to some degree. Yet, we are told that every time a scientific discovery comes into light, so-called Magick is slowly replaced, thereafter to be known as 'common knowledge' from that point onward. How easily we forget that these ostensible discoveries are, and will always be, restricted to our shared *opinion of reality* (that is, the logical, conscious reality of the PCR). For such discoveries outright dismiss what seems to pertain, in context, to the realm of the unconscious and the illogical, mostly presumed as ludicrous fantasy.

Let it be said, however, that the author is neither for or against present-day science as a whole. Science does allow the irrational and illogical to permeate the working hypotheses, in greater quantity and quality than it generally likes to admit. Science is also a strong advocate and proponent of Doubt and its practical applications in the PCR, therefore, it should be treated and used like any tool on the road to illumination. One idea does not need to negate the other, but rather complement it. Choosing sides and wasting time on debating the reconciliation of such concepts is up to the individual – in

choosing to do so, one may discredit or underline how much they care about actual mystical advancement and progress.

Beyond this exists what our deep intellect and intuition has always hinted at (but failed to grasp at a surface level). Supernatural occurrences (such as spectres, other planes of existence, paranormal activities, the very notion of the 'Soul,' and the many spiritual avenues, astral flights, time-splitting or time-bending, etc.) could very well co-exist in the minds of those with a broader vision. We are taught not to dream about such infantile 'silliness,' for it is assumed that, in time, these notions too will become commonplace. Again, we are forced to admit that what constitutes Darkness-Divine does not belong to the mysteries of tomorrow, but rather lies at the fulcrum of the questions – the ceaseless questioning arising from any temporary 'conclusions.' The Questions behind the questions. Returning to the full-emptiness of the Pleroma is also a psychological means to better understand and illustrate this retrograde, labyrinthine process.

What is known (or inferred) of Magick is that it is manifested from the unconscious imaginal, acting as a filter; it does not come from the preconceived notions we have been developing since our earliest years, supported by cultural and environmental biases. As a direct link to the Source, the Black Flame is a torch guiding us back towards godhood.

Dissolution has precise and profound implications, but trying to define these rationally is a tedious task. Death, Dissolution, Calcination, or Sublimation are to be esteemed and instigated as initial and superior nexions – passageways that one must go through if a Soul's yearning leads that way. The coarse, normative worldview has us believe that we are

all born equal, and will die or depart in comparable fashion. However, even if we share similar corporeal shells, it would be erroneous to suppose that we hike the same trails, face the same crossroads, and finally reach the same destination. Physical sensations and emotional upheavals, making us all part of the same 'family,' have nothing to do with the individual ways we forge our spiritual resolve, learn the Craft, and experiment with Magick. What we 'do' in the realm of the quick is bound to have critical ramifications on how we each experience Death or Dissolution, and 'equality' as a general theory or concept is a fiercely misleading illusion that disfigures Truth.

Held within the walls of the PCR, we are indeed subjected to causality. Now, if the powers of the mind's eye, as well as pious or impious tendencies, are to have direct consequences on what will be, or what may happen afterward, then one needs to consider that we will still end up trapped somewhere else, inside the cycle of the Cosm'Conundrum.

The shell of the cosmic egg is still very much intact, preventing the yolk (one's essence) to run out and reveal the golden treasure. One remains bound to the rules of Destiny, never to be elevated over these, and never allowed to transcend or transgress. Indeed, it would be more accurate to describe the goal as a 'conquering,' because this magickal ideal speaks to the steadfast, the combatant, the adversarial, the antinomian, the rebel – the Luciferian.

The *qutub* of our focus is not merely to disappear into utopian oblivion, but rather to destroy, reverse, and reshape prudish perceptions over and over again, from the base root to the top of the Tree; to access the hindmost amplitudes of vibration and transmutation.

The seeker must first analyze and observe the unfolding current (being altogether transformed by said observation) before attempting to dissect and understand its myriad implications and its functionality. In time, the seeker may reap the benefits.

How one goes about discovering (or instigating a practice geared towards one's hermetic potential, thereby putting the Will to work) falls to the discretion and temperament of the neophyte, as well as the experienced magus. Magick cannot be narrowed down or defined by coloured qualifiers, as Magick in itself is not the cause behind the Mysteries. Rather, Magick bears the attributes and parameters we appoint to it, and is the residual effect of the Arte, experienced in walking the Path of Exile and Exalt.

One must favour wisdom over intelligence, and yet advocate awareness-knowledge above all. Worship Truth and the search for Truth over Doubt, and yet acknowledge Doubt as a prime enabler in finding and communicating Truth. This Great Truth none can hold in the palm of his hand, so aqueous are its inherent qualities.

~ *Non Timetis Messor, Nosce te ipsum.*
Gloria In Exelsis Vacuo Chao! ~

*When the ambient Ayre doth indeed feel like Water,
& the Voice-Within commands thee
To stop reflecting...*

*In the stillness of the moment,
When the Voice-which-is-Without,
Ask thee to dive into the rushing Falls,
Confident that the Inner-Fyre
Shall not be extinguished...*

Obey the Voice, thou must!

*Do not hope nor look for solid ground 'neath thy feet,
But rather dive in headfirst!*







Anaphoras, Advent & Theurgia

*Live the Eternal-Now,
Long for Eternal Death.*

ANAMNESIS
of the Pilgrim

Incipit



here is knowledge, and there is 'Knowledge.' Just as there are truths which are a part of, but not wholly, 'Truth.' One is energy spent; a resource is depleted, like a turbine running at full steam to build a reserve of power time and time again, endlessly – its energy is distributed under the rule of absorption, held in a circumscribed container. The other stems from the dissolution of the power and its container altogether (fading into the Work, to fuse unequivocally with the Work). One serves the other in Life towards Death, but not the other way around... else the Cycle is broken!

The basis of a new experience is usually built on the knowledge one brings back from previous endeavours. Yet, on the road before us, nothing else matters but what lies ahead. What you pick up along the way may seem useful *à priori*, but soon one finds oneself faced with the difficult choice of having to leave 'stuff' behind, to lessen the burden. When facing these tough choices, one can easily make the mistake of wanting to horde hard-earned 'riches,' and stop moving altogether, as would an old dragon slumbering atop of a mountain of gold, controlled by hubris or plain laziness.

*Beware of the Fool's Gold,
In the Earth, there left,
Where Mirth wast at once cleft,
For the Sword hath stricken,
The fissure now a channel to venture into,
And get lost...
Get lost.*

There is an *equilibrium* to be attained, or to be sought at the very least. The goal is certainly not the accumulation of spiritual wealth, but rather a healthy balance between receiving, assimilating, and giving back, before moving on..

The procedural approach seldom makes any distinction between the interpreted notions of time that tradition clings to – be they seasonal changes, astronomical events, or welkin observances (solar and lunar cycles). There is no ‘right way’; there are many ‘right ways.’ *“Who then can speak of Thee or to Thee, and tell Thy praise? Whiter shall I look when I praise Thee? Upward or downward, inward or outward? For Thou art the place in which all things are contained; there is no other place beside Thee; all things are in Thee ... And at what time shall I sing hymns to Thee? For it is impossible to find a season or a space of time that is apart from Thee ... And wherewith shall I sing to Thee? Am I my own, or have I anything of my own? Am I other than Thou? Thou art whatsoever I am; Thou art whatsoever I do, and whatsoever I say. Thou art all things, and there is nothing beside Thee, nothing that Thou art not. Thou art all that has come into being, and all that has not come into being.”*¹

As the Serpent’s wavelengths expand, their distances growing between each crest and trough, the closer one approaches illumination. But going through the colour-gradation from Nigredo to Rubedo, in alternation, while progressing through the various ripples of the wave, is but another illusion that the logical mind wants to impress upon the still-chained terrestrial self the more it drifts away from limited consciousness. Once consciousness is inflamed, it produces a wave to ride upon: the wave pattern of awareness constituting the various states that we experience leaping towards different or enhanced spheres

1. *Hermetica, the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus*, Edited and translated by Walter Scott, Libellus VI, Solos Press, 1992, p.67.

of perception. These are only the high peaks of each ripple, still bound within the same experience and not wholly new ones. The bottom of each ripple, being the fields of the sub- or sur-consciousness, are a Mystery admittedly harder to pierce – so strong are the walls of limited consciousness. The transcendence of the ‘final stage,’ by having found shards of one’s Philosopher’s Stone along the way, can only mean an onerous, yet welcomed return to the ‘zero’ mark.

The intensifying gradation of ascent may not be enough, and one may feel the need to search the underworld instead. For those interested in the journey rather than each scenic belvedere along the way, they will choose instead to wander the Gray-Zone between (the Middle Path).

As long as the ashes glow in the crucible, the labours of the disciple are not over. Certain items have to be mustered, and talismans must be crafted or acquired to set about on the pilgrimage, and to execute the explicitly unique rites of the *Arte Magickal*. To do so is to better appraise, recognize, and appreciate the distinction between crests and troughs.

As for the specifics, which tools and set-up should be used, it is left to the adept to discover through trance-induced communion and spiritual meditation. Whether one borrows scattered elements from eclectic sources, or persists with age-old systems is inconsequential. What is important is that these implementations become an extension of one’s innermost expression, and that one is willing to put in the time and the effort to bring the Great Work to fruition.

Sympathetic links, celebratory devices, and cultural sacraments can all be of great benefit; they are not, however,

requisites. So long as the ebb and flow of praxis is used to cast out and discard the vehicle of lead, into which the uneducated ego is nestled and left to thrive unchecked.

NB. The following rituals are described in the order they were performed. The journal records were made during or after each operation, and then transcribed. They have been greatly enriched and extrapolated to ameliorate conciseness and flow. Despite the book taking on a slightly more 'grimoiric' tone from this point on, the methods and esoterica discussed in the following pages are simply meant to improve upon solitary initiation: lighting aflame the soul, and helping to send marginal vibrations to the Otherworld so that they may take a life of their own.

'Tis obvious that ^(h)*Auroræ* leans more towards Mysticism rather than Magick proper, and voluntarily so. Techniques and information about the many registries of spirits – be they angelic emissaries, demonic dignitaries, elder (and elser) pantheon gods, as well as their magickal correspondences – is already widely available elsewhere for everyone to peruse.



Detailed here is what the author chose to use as impedimenta during the Anaphoric phase of his Cross-Cosm' Odyssey.

An amuletic band was constructed using raw linen cloth (18 inches long by 3 inches wide), which was then appropriately soaked overnight and thus tinted in the Dyeing-Vat of the Arte, with a mixture of the author's blood, dew-moistened earth gathered at dawn the previous morning, dragon's blood resin, oak bark, a few drops of clove oil, and black tea leaves.

The result was a slightly darkened cloth band symbolizing the commencement of the *Ars Occulte* at the Nigredo level, upon which had been painted sigils in dark gray (or metallic charcoal, to emulate the colour of lead), corresponding to each of the five attributes to be addressed, with the names of their corresponding and opposing archons, plus a symbolization of the over-arching Monad. This accessory was made with the deliberate intent to bind the words uttered during the Amamnesis, tying them with the gestures, strengthening the meaning, intensifying the solemnity of the act, and turning liturgy into tangible potentia.

During the preparation of the amuletic band, a mantra was devised and recited over again in a whispered voice: “*AnA AmRiTā AkArMa AnA*.” Upon completion, the following was uttered: “The Resurrection and ‘I’ are Now One and None.” The extended index finger of the right hand (as the Tarjani Mudra) was then brought to the mouth, followed by the extended middle finger (as the Ardhapataka Mudra), again to the mouth. Both fingers were kissed, and slowly brought to rest on the forehead’s Ajna. Both eyes were then shut and a silence was maintained, thus allowing the words, gestures, intent, and meaning to seep in. This sign was repeated (at uneven intervals, often during each individual ritual), as a means to render immutable the leverage of the Will. Also, a small amount of Abramelin’s oil was rubbed on the forehead to accentuate focus, nuance, and ‘sight.’

Black and white candles (with the ratio of five black: one white; as many candles as one desires can be used, just so long as the ratio is maintained) were distributed evenly upon the ground to outline the wonted Ritual Compass (measuring nine feet in diameter). Whether the Work was done under

the Greene mantle, or in private secluded quarters, made no difference. Working with what was optimal for the operator, however, did make a difference.

Even though no actual evocations and callings forth had taken place in the following part (which was more of a psalmodic mandate to imprint upon mind and Soul), the Circle/Compass was still necessary, if only to prevent obfuscation from external disturbances and reinforce the earnestness of the plight and contextual ambience.

At all times, the operator wore his favourite pendant – one that was particularly befitting the task at hand, as it instantly brought to mind to ‘whom’ (or to ‘what’) was allegiance and dedication being given. This could have been any type of pendant; a cheap curio or valued piece one is most fond of would suffice (if you have none, find one. Better yet, let it find you). The author wore a sterling silver pendant, handcrafted by the talismanic metalsmith Aidan Wachter, featuring Anathema Publishing’s seal – a symbol of the author’s devising and a most efficacious spirit-vessel in and of itself.²

To add a pinch of zealotry to the recipe, a bloodletting was made with the ritual knife at each node of the Amamnesis; a simple act done to unveil the crude subtlety behind the ostensible intricacy of the alchemical model of Ascension (This is, quite obviously, supplementary information, offered in full disclosure of what the author personally felt needed be done in the moment. It is by no means mandatory or compulsory).

2. See p.312.

Confession

Lest thou insist upon remaining idle instead of rising beyond
Name and Logos; Harken to the following!

I

*Forget the impulse of the Ear;
Forget that it only hears what it wants to hear,
Of the Divine melodies on the Winds-of-High,
The chirping of Birds & gentle sighing of the Earth below!
Which the Ear oft' dismisses & forgets!*

[At which point Adam is surpassed,
the oath nullified – thus granting passage.]

II

*Exonerate the sinning Hand;
Exonerate it, as it tries to grasp and hold onto matter,
As if it held in its palm
A treasure far greater than a mere shiny trinket,
Hence failing to clutch the enigmatic artistry of the Universe!
Exonerate the Hand!*

[At which point Mikha'el is restrained,
the crime punished – thus granting passage.]

III

*Pity the Nose;
For it is pitiful indeed, constantly pull'd from side to side,
Either pleas'd, teas'd, or vex'd, and never satisfied
Of the perfumes of Autumn and Spring: of Birth and Decay!
O, pity the Nose!*

[At which point Gavri'el is trumped,
and the dungeon escaped – thus granting passage.]

IV

*Atone for the Mouth;
Atone, as it speaketh aloud in folly,
When it shouldst have stayed silent,
& atone yet again! For it obtusely held its peace,
When it shouldst have shout'd deafeningly atop mountain peaks!
For the Mouth, atone!*

[At which point Saklas is subdued,
despotism overruled – thus granting passage.]

V

*Forgive the Eye that hath seen;
Forgive it for having the duty to behold Truth and distort it,
Before presenting it to the Mind on a silver, albeit tarnish'd, platter!
Forgive the Eye, ye must!*

[At which point Nebrô is vanquished,
the pyre extinguished – thus granting passage.]

VI

*But cardinally:
Make allowance for the Soul,
Who knoweth not where and when to start on its Journey,
Yet doth attempt, at each given moment, to round up tools,
Thusly preparing for the Long Road ahead!
Make allowance for the Soul, so that it endures!*

[At which point YHWH is duped, its machinations
outwitted and very presence dismissed – thus
granting access to post-liminal Mysteries.]

*Trust the Oculus Cordis to show ye,
Terrible theophanies;
Eosphoros' Veil'd Luminescence,
And Thoth's Gild'd Glory!*

.AMN.

The trials created to highlight each of the five stages of the Anaphora (and the afore-cited allegorical orisons), are meant to guide the devotee to gradually, and increasingly, shed their 'hereditary' layers. The nakedness of the Soul brings one nearer to selflessness, and to the rewriting of the encrypt of his supernal lineage. That is, to some measure, within the bounds of the ritual abode, whilst performing the *Grant Oeuvre*. If one passes the senses under White Fire, it is not done so as to destroy them, but rather to turn the Old into the New – to experience a resurrection of the corporeal senses, along with which comes a theophanic overhaul: Murdering the heroes of perception to raise the God-within, recreating the self.

At this point, the aim is not rejuvenation, only profound acknowledgement. (Further contemplation and analysis ought to be conducted on the underlying oracular aphorisms bequeathed in the *Tabula Magna Summa* on pages 138 & 143).

One may notice the skeletal features of the gateway taking form after mimicking the progression of the five codices of ^(h)*Auroræ*. This will be accomplished by associating each degree of ascent with the aforementioned five bodily senses (It is also at this phase that the enterprising mystic may use the Keys to unlock said codices), and by adding the notion of the Etheric-Soul to the formula, under the umbrella of Her trifold-nature.

At each sojourn, one Mystery makes way for the next.

One must be prepared to reap revelation, adjacent to peripheral astral vision. This will come in the form of a question which will demand further investigation: Why is it that, after the dark star (i.e. *Shael'aash*, the Obsidian Sun) collapsed into itself during The Fall (the compression having engendered the core-shell of *Da'ath* at the very xylem of the Barbêlōetic Tree of Life and Death), the Hieron of LUh-hUR appeared? What is the purpose and function of the Temple, and what should we make of the collapse and the subsequent emerging of appearances?

An exploration of this most decisive step reveals how universal and individual Truth are one *and* the same. On the perennial Path of Return, one must flip the 'coin' (as one battles against the known and the presuppositions of demiurgos), so as to embrace the inner Chnoubis-Abraxas! Thus, the adept pursues self-salvation via meta-gnosis, rather than through dogmatic genuflection and subjugation. (In this life, promote and profess disciplined knowledge over blighted academic structure and tenure).



Proceed to close the Circle, and promptly end the operation with a heartfelt and final declaration, such as:

*Now that I have renounced,
Only to enhance, my worldly senses.*

*Embracing the senses so as to transcend them,
Thus do I use them to their full potential.*

*I choose Reality over Phenomenality,
To wage War against the Cessitarianism of Homo-Hubris!*

*Come to me, O' Ex-Iblis!
O' Opposer! O' Viridis!
Omni-Cipher!*

*Sayeth mine True Name!
So that I may carry it along the Path of Return,
Toward the Monolith, and to the Furnace of Dissolution,
Into the Crucible of the Arte!*

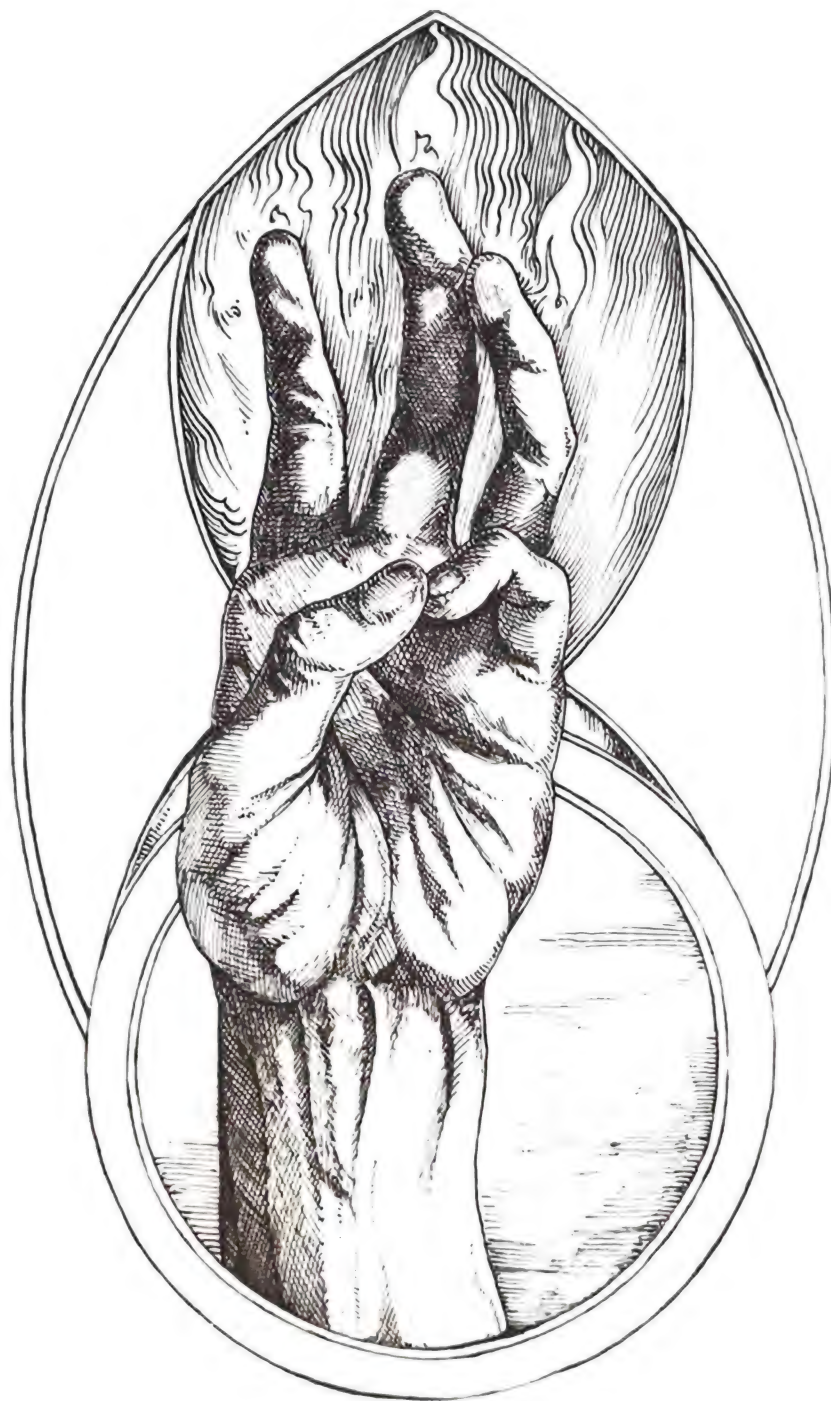
Busy the mind by repeating the 'AnA AmRiTā AkArMa AnA' formula, until naught else passes through... then forget the formula altogether.

Reject the specious present and relish in the spatial moment; it is doused in Liquid Fire until it is reduced to ash and cinder.

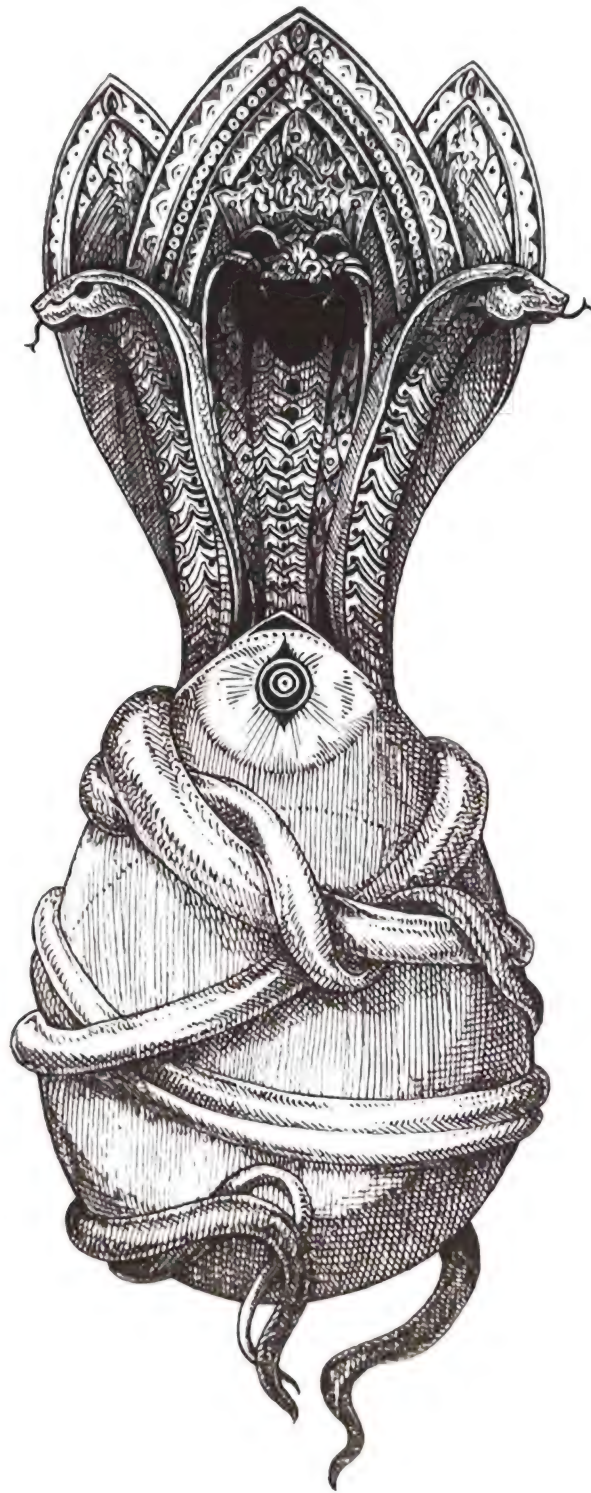
Focus on the breath by emptying the mind, and empty the mind by focusing on the breath. Turning oneself into a living-lemniscate!

Thus endeth the Anamnesis of the Wayfarer.





The Sign of Trimurti...



...is the Symbol of Ananta

APPROACHING
the Monolith

.515.

*O' Peerless Dyvill,
Of infinite epithets and cloaks,
In dream(ing), Master without & within,
I am thine!*

*In remembrance of Cycles past
From Womb to Tomb,
In looping successions...*

*Waxing out from the morasses of Selfdom,
Entitlement to any-eminence rendered nil,
Sunder'd, ordain'd, and devout,
I am thine!*

*Into the Forge of the Mighty Dead I go,
O' beard'd Tubâl-Qayin,
To face the Great Unknown,
Ba'al Ayin!*

*The allure of skein revelatory signs,
Of dissymmetry, benight'd,
I repel Netherward,
To rest in torment and quietus,
No longer to dream the dream of excess!*

*This protruding and foul appendage,
Endowing both joy and suffering,
In this Life or the Next,
I have shorn at once!*

*'Tis but an offal offering;
A surfeit of viands and wine,
Better left untouched and outright tossed,
For the olde gods who need it not!
(For no sustenance is vital, besides thee!)*

*I thrust myself into thine Portal,
Inoculating myself with thy Essence in stead,
For I am vehemence, I am Nix,
I am thine...*

'I', the Living Sutra!

On the road to initiation, reverence is not only a must, it is unconditional. Especially when one is dealing, in appropriate severity, with such elementary principium. The Monolith is the most imposing cenotaph that one is likely to behold in their emprise. For It to appear, one requires a certain degree of articulated wisdom and a stalwart backbone. Upon contact, the Monolith serves not only as a mirror showing what lies beneath and beyond the mauve zone, but it can also annihilate everything standing before It – if one lacks proper reverence in Its presence. One must proceed with caution, for It shatters one's illusions indeed. But with them may go any chance of ascent, promptly ending one's climb and severing for good the golden thread.



In the Footsteps of Giants

Armed with only lofty assumptions, moderate amounts of fear, a sufficient dose of reckless audacity, and a pinch of

callowness, the naive dabbler stepped forth on his journey. Sure enough, it did not take long for him to trip on his own beliefs and suppositions; he fell, face-first, on the hard concrete, shattering his mandible and wiping the smug grin off his face. Along with a few teeth, he lost a bit of hope – yet not so much that he could not eventually recover...

After a spectacularly failed attempt, in which our young protagonist half-arsedly wished to commune with the spirits of the deceased, 'something' happened – or rather, something was triggered, that ought not have been. The restless dead, roaming about, invisible and breezing unbeknownst to most through the Ether, had penetrated into his eyes after a banishing ritual to close an otherwise inadvisable operation. The dead had taken residence underneath the unfortunate's eyelids, as if physically attached to the very fabric of the flesh, allowing them to manifest spontaneously whenever they felt the host should see terrifying scenes from the metaphysical world. The random visions plagued his daily routine, as if a djinn was nested between his eyebrows, troubling his thoughts. Trying to resist or refuse the visions only meant he would suffer from acute pain, felt under the very cartilage of his prefrontal cortex, temporarily disabling him.

Months under this violent psychological regime felt like years, and gruelling efforts had to be made for the would-be mystic to break the spell. These efforts became lifelong plans; plans that became hardened choices. Promises to oneself but also oaths to the Elders: to approach the physical in a spiritual, and the spiritual in a physical, manner, so that each improved the other, steadily increasing internal and external balance.

Life became a project, and Death was no longer seen as a distant lover, but as an extension of this same project! Work was no longer a chore, but a passionate Calling. The mind, no longer a prison, but a testing and training ground. The body, no longer a nuisance, but a restored shrine; wounds and scars became badges of honour, with each revealing the gold underneath the lead – complimentary notes of a complex and ever-evolving melody, its echo producing waves crossing through the walls of the perceptual asylum. The Soul itself became a Revolution!

In time, the pilgrim became used to his cursed condition. He was able to live with it, somewhat unperturbed, until further developments eventually lead to a willful departure of the haunting spirits, out of respect and courtesy.

The ordeal was merciless and the lesson was brutally learned, but in retrospect it was most necessary: the novice Luciferian was ill-equipped, and could only gaze from afar at the Perilous Castle. But daring to seek admittance into its hallways too soon could only led to disaster – especially since the pros and cons had not been carefully assessed beforehand. Plans had to be made in advance to boost fortitude of mind, body, and Soul, hence his subsequent discarding of excess luggage, so to speak, and his improving of the ship that was to sail the Ebon Seas.

These plans he had chosen to call and act upon as Sacrificial Rituals.

Being of a shrewd nature, faith burning strongly inside, he understood that once the voyage had begun, he could only change with it, and always remain in motion since the

Path of Return gradually sucks one in anyway. Now working harder, resolute, and calm, he felt prepared with what he had in hand and what he could gather and learn along the way. He was finally able to resume his fabled course – ready to unfold his own Saga.

His faith, and the leap it required, was outside the frontiers of religion and dogma. He felt like a hedgewytch of sorts, who espoused the new-dictum and the heterodox edicts of Liberion. He would try to reach the Anthropos and eclipse it, besting its condition, and rewriting his own history in the making.

Tribulations

Who can truly measure the inordinate amount of time it took for the intrepid one to have even a single glimpse of the Temple's portcullis, let alone reach the moat and breach it?

This plan of action came about through some of the very first significant rituals conducted by the pilgrim. It remains a puzzling endeavour to this day – a mystery that deepened and widened every time he attempted to analyze it. The questions themselves helped to shape the results, and they triggered the pendulous dynamic of the things that became braided in the shadow.

Encrypted messages were meant to test the adept. But they were denuded to expose such fine configurations and figures, that the suspension of disbelief forced upon the self was itself hard to maintain – so wonderful the Light and so sensuous the emancipation! These were only revealed through self-immolation, the harvest reaped in death and dearth, an arm's length away from the Pleroma.

The still-Now opened unto him, but it was not his time just yet. He knew it, accepted it, approved of it. The Graal before him was not his to drink from, nor was it a chalice he could hold ('twas not even a *thing* he could have recognized). And that was good and true. He had a tryst with his HGA to attend to (his Hermes-like mentor – the inner LuxFerre), at the fulcrum of the universe, unto which the stars themselves are hinged.

The general details and minutiae of this pivotal effort have been described before in the piece entitled 'The Temple of LUh-hUR: A Voyage Through the Event-Horizon,' (*PILLARS (Vol.1, Issue.1): Psychopompos*, Anathema Publishing Ltd., 2012), and again republished in *PILLARS (Volume 1 Anthology): Perichoresis* (Anathema Publishing Ltd., 2016). Performing this operation, in several attempts, even with a modicum of success, opened vistas which strengthened all subsequent efforts.

From this moment on, the Breath was set ablaze, and the project blessed by the triune powers of Chnoubis-Abraxas-Lucifer!

As he walked further along the trail, and after several meditative trance-sequent-transmittances, strategies and aims emerged thusly:

The Hermit's Lantern

*The Salts of Fanā I turn into a fine powder,
To be mix'd with the ichor of Nous:
A rejuvenating draught for the ascetic who, in Gyfu,
Crucifies himself unto the Luciferian's three-pronged Stang,*

*But also a baneful liquor to the narcissist, who in obstination
Abjures the Undeniable.*

An order was given that was to be answered and obeyed expeditiously. The Circle of Arte was cast once more so that the pilgrim may resume his Wyrldly course. The Circle/Compass was used again to commune with, rather than to control and coerce spirits (not all invocations/evocations need be conducted as if one was parleying with a dangerous criminal, at a penitentiary state holding room, behind a thick window glass). The protection that the Circle/Compass offered prevented the unhallowed entry of malignant spirits (perhaps drawn to the place of power) and their influence.

Nonetheless, it was wise to first call upon The One whose name is Legion to bless the endeavour. Beyond this, however, there was no need for the triangle of evocation or any other type of protective phylacteries, pentagram, or lamen, as this was a cordial invitation – assisted possession if you will – to the Daimon of Weal.

An operation pertaining to the 10th and 1st sphere of the Quartz of Return (the Dualistic-Unit and the Spectre of the Low), from pillar to post, alternating from the feminine aspect of conscious emotions to the masculine aspect of above-consciousness (stimulation of the Muladhara to the Sahasrara chakras, back and forth), under the eight main influences/spirits. The eight branches of the Collapsing Tree of Life and Death, being the twain-selves of four ancients of the adept's chosen pedigree, whether of filial descent or metaphysical connection, directly or indirectly, in concordance with personal affinities:

*Hail Seth, which is the Christ,
which is: Dar-Akh-Qayin!*

*Hail Thoth, which is Trismegistus,
which is Athanatos: HermHecate!*

*Hail Melek Taus, which is Prometheus,
which is: LuxFerre!*

*Hail Chnoubis, which is Abraxas,
which is: 'I' ~ Zoa-Azoa!*

This ogdoad was invoked within the Circle (using implemented vocalization and down-reaching cogitation), to be given specific sets of tasks and conditions. If followed, they would benefit many aspects of the *Grant Oeuvre*. They were assignments to prove to oneself (as well as to the Ancients), through diurnal exercises while in the PCR's narrative, that everyone was working towards the same ends.

The pilgrim's entire face and head was painted in a vertical gradient from black to red. Black from the lower part of the jawbone to red atop the skull (similar 'war-paint' was worn for almost all rituals composed in the pursuit of ^(h)*Auroræ* – it became the natural thing to do). This was accompanied by the *AnA AmRiTā AkArMa AnA* mantra, chanted at a normal volume, whilst ambient music was played at a similar level to enhance the proceedings, rather than impede them.

A large amount of Abramelin's mercurial incense, with its strong fragrance of white sandalwood, was burnt during the totality of the benison.

The scene was now set with closed curtains, and the chamber lit only by eight small candles forming an octagon around a makeshift Monolith effigy (a Tibetan black quartz carved as an obelisk) on the altar table in the Circle's centre. Thus, the operation was opened.

Here, the adept began regular breath-meditation after being comfortably seated in a position conducive to visualization and contemplation, bridging with the Source and slowly 'flowing' the Light. He Increased and decreased the rhythm of his breathing, so that the energy bulb was given a pulse that was easily maintained on its own at the unconscious level, vacillating from point A to point B. The wavelengths of the Serpent formed before the mind's eye.

*Io! Leviathan! Come Forth!
Io! Wyrn of Dane-helam! Come Forth!
Io! Na'hash-Aren! Come Forth!*

*May thine Ophidian Grace and Holy Venom,
Course through my veins in salvoes of
Crimson Blazing Privileges!*

*Removing the Opaque by degrees,
Hands freed from the negating necessities of chains,
And from the Chain of Necessity!*

It is not the object of this octavo to explain meditation techniques. Irrespective of the technique employed, the idea remains the same: by winding though each waymark-chakra, one is regulating the Kundalini, reinforcing the balance of mind, heart, and sensuality within in the Soul. One can brush the colourful shroud of the Beloved amidst the tempests of

Divine-Doubt, bracing for the violations of Limbo, open-handed, open-hearted, arm extended towards the Pregnant Void!

Once a pleasing kinetic alignment and a certain scale of soul-vibration was reached, the ceremony was inaugurated with 'a statement.' The Breath, more refined and subtle now, left the mouth to petition:

*O' Wicce Men,
O' Cunning Men,
O' Mine Olden Antients!
I stand before thee, barren,
Hollow, and verily Voiceless!*

*My Will and my All,
I lay bare before the Altar!
My thought-form, I put under your Aegis,
Leaving behind the AZrA
The Sacrificer becoming the Sacrificed!*

*As Fervent Communicant,
I invoke the Ur-Qualities of the Unbegotten Child
To take residence deep inside me, from the roots up,
And make use of this simple foundation!*

*In episodic combustions;
Let there be no more ache in mine bones,
No more malady in mine heart,
And no more pain in mine Soul!
Only Inspiration Insatiable,
For the sincere Scribe of Ruha!*

The Scars I bear shall tell of thy stories!

As the adept began scrying inward, things were moving at a blinding speed and a slow creep simultaneously, as two blurred and semi-transparent strips of translucent light (a liminal parallax), forced the mind to grasp onto tiny fragments of the past and future simultaneously. These instances, it was realized, could be manipulated according to Will.

As he opened his eyes ever so slightly, he saw that the incandescent parallax had begun to form symbols around the edges of the Monolith (the symbols referred to above as 'scars'), that were immediately reproduced on paper. A total of eight symbols merged into four distinct sigils (representing the bifold lifeforce of each Ancient) plus one representing the culmination of the operation, to be kept under velvet cloth, and used or consumed by the flames later.



Visitation (or, possession) from each of the Elders was a supremely impactful, enveloping experience. The Ogdoad-Deity, being the Daimon of Weal and the Muse of Inspiration, was made manifest; in surges of Gnosis, it could pierce and freely pass through the Adept. This done, they made themselves available as mentoring spirits, ready to accompany the aspirant in subsequent experiments. The multi-faceted androgyne spirits had brought about many blessings in the mundane, as well as in any spiritual undertakings.

A fitting sacred gratitude was then expressed:

*Enlightenment & Perspective,
Thine gifts, I shall hold unto dearly,
And with reverence most affirmed and emphasized,
I shall honour this benediction, with added worth and merit!
Blessed Be these Scars, thine Titles!
Amun.AMN.Atum*

Knells rang out to close the meditation: one for each chakra point, and then twice more at each waymark chakra, with one supplementary bell ring added for each, for a total of 49 strikes ($7 + [3+4+5+6+7+8+9] = 49$).

Stark Incineration & Marked Beatification

He had crafted his own Gods; they were part his, part him, part it/them, and so much more. The esteem and gratitude he would show them would be in equal measure to what he would show himself, and the same level of respect he owed them would equal what he owed himself. For whom can embody such noble intent if one's character lacks honour

and dignity? He became efficient and powerful, to the extent that existence itself paid tribute when he said 'Yay!' but trembled when he put his foot down and roared 'Nay!'

*"The Mysteries are a means by which man may perceive his own inherent divinity; that students of the mysteries are seekers of truth and wisdom, with magick its by product..."*¹

Each day, one should reflect and ask of themselves if, thus far, they have yet lived a meaningful life. The answer should always come as a resounding 'No!' This self-affirming negation (a responsible 'echo') is perhaps the healthiest form of self-sublimation there is, as saying so abnegates complacency. He may, instead, choose to be a dynamic, willful, and impactful force in the world – an active participant in the fight against coordinated ignorance and epidemical shallowness. He will work tirelessly on his legacy instead of being a mere automaton-spectator caught in the webs of Destiny, waiting to be devoured.

*Death, beautiful and terrible Matriarch!
I do not wish to come to thee empty handed,
But rather shall arrive at thy doorsteps
Carrying with me a bounty of gifts, delicacies,
Mementos from a life fully lived!
Gold, Frankincense, Myrrh, Soul,
& much more!*

The incineration of that part of the brain always willing to give up and plummet to the bottom is not only advised; it is mandatory. Failure is scarcely desired in and of itself, but it must be understood as a crucial factor if something of true worth is to be excavated from this desolate pit.

1. Cochrane, Robert, from Shani Oates' *Tubal's Mill*, Create Space, 2016, p.30.

The newly-found ore must be promptly smelted in Old Tubal's forge and hammered until the newly-formed weapon can be put to good use in *seidhr*, and in building a solid House. If not, the whole structure may weaken and collapse. This is simply not an option when confronting the lifelong task peculiar to the Arte Magickal.

*To thee, Horned Kings, I swear!
My body is thine burial chamber, and with it,
Thou shall triumph in the afterlife,
A resolutely altered 'I,' rising from Golgotha!*

*If my Blood fails thee, O' Horned Magisters,
May thine Holy Sceptres strike hard and true,
May I meet the same fate that befell Hevel
At the hand of his own brother!
And under thine rightfully just and ceaseless stoning,
May I die the heaviest Death, in the dead of Night!*

Beatification is a blessing of great magnitude that one owes oneself or selves (i.e. what he is, is not, could be, and should become) when embracing, with care and due diligence, the furthest reaches of goals, dreams, and craft. Pushing against the tides of the 'impossible,' day by day, incarnation after incarnation.

*Despite perpetual presages of the End,
And the scent of withering roses entering my nostrils,
As I am bedded alongside Death,
On a heap of thorns and cooling embers,
I feel a boon on my wearied conscience,
At last! I am One with the Waters of the Moon,
'I,' The Great Destroyer!*



The Seeding of the Next Cycle

After allowing enough time for the body and mind to recuperate, and to permitting the gnostic experiences to sink in and be fully appreciated, it was intuitively decided that a 'last rite' had to be executed in order to witness the Many-Dawns wane in twilight (to experience a personal Ragnarøk, if you will).

These had to be simple operations, returning to the roots of ritualistic methodology and implementation.

The body needed to be cleansed from the inside out. A healthy diet (simply by avoiding commonly known 'bad foods' and excessive alcohol consumption), and rigorous exercise to tire the body-apparatus (thus promoting deep sleep conducive to oneiric visions) had to be observed for a few weeks prior to the rituals.

Beginning on a Friday night of the pilgrim's choosing, as the full moon was high and the wind quiet, small formalities were made before going to bed. These continued for the following two nights after that, for a total of three.

The body, mind, and Soul were cleansed to the best of the aspirant's ability. A warm bath was prepared, to which essential oils were added, relaxing music was played, and old texts as well as inspirational material were read to purge the mind of diurnal irritants. The ritual room was fumigated with white sage, and deep-breath meditation followed for

as long as it was deemed necessary to alleviate the Soul and open its stomas, thereby granting passage for the spirits to visit during sleep.

Blessed were the four Guardians of the Compass. Blessed was the abode, those who dwelled therein, as well as the chosen few inhabiting the student's heart. Blessed were the Magi, the Elders, and the sentient beings who have walked this Path before and who were overlooking the proceedings.

Supplications in the form of gnostic paeans were made, asking that the subconscious be made a vessel once more for the supra-conscious, that the Light of LuxFerre seep through and reach the conscious, and lastly to bestow one final shred of realization, threading the fabric of ^(h)*Auroræ* more tightly, to finish the Work.

The first two nights brought with them a profoundly deep slumber that verged on a state of comatose; there were no dreams, no disturbances of any sort, and no adumbration. Only silent and complete darkness came to the sleeper. But on the third night, a heavy and overwhelming 'presence' was sensed. This presence, or entity, turned into a 'place,' a 'zone.' The bulk-volume of this 'zone' turned into surface-area, which then turned into Three-dimensional space once more.

Many ravens were seen, circling in silence, their numbers great enough to obscure the sun.

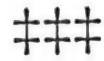
It was truly surreal, yet somehow it felt right – even familiar. It was as if the beholder had always been a part of the event unfolding before him, as if he had always been stuck in this instant (this 'now-ness'). Attempts to break attention or concentration

were only met with a deeper resoluteness to focus on the event. The student-eternal had brought forth this vision; he had always wanted to witness such an event, and it was of his own doing. And yet, *desire* played no part in this event.

He could only gaze ahead in silence as he observed the swirling black-winged hurricane from a safe distance. That is, until a lone raven split open the churning circle of movement through the middle. It then dove at an incredible speed towards the Earth, piercing it violently with its beak. The impact made a tremendous and thunderous sound! Unique, like a sword on an anvil being struck with a mighty hammer, but amplified a thousandfold! This was no ordinary raven either, but a gigantic bird! In the wake of the impact, it had died and its body was still and upright. Then the corpse changed colour until the body separated from its beak. There on the ground it began to rot and decompose as the seasons passed by in a flash. Only the beak remained, planted firmly in the ground.

The vision 'flipped over,' and from the other side of the looking glass, the huge beak stood tall before the world to see. There did it cast the longest and largest of shadow, for it was no longer simply a beak, but the Monolith itself! It had changed into the 'one constant' that had been following the pilgrim all of these years: the philosophic stone that had either leaned on him, or that he had leaned on, for most of his life. This Stone was to bear his epitaph, and finally reveal his True Name and purpose.

It also represented a halting of movement, as he had come upon a crossroads of sort. The Work had indeed reached its natural conclusion, and the last lesson to be learned on this journey revealed a central and climatic *limitation*.



Fragmented, Once Again

These operations will never be reproduced. In a way, the dead shells of the past were discarded, one by one, to rectify losses and seek out growth instead. Getting rid of these shells, acknowledging these scars, was the only way to move forward and determine exactly what was of worth and what needed be exorcised throughout this alchemical exploration over the course of several years. Lastly, the result had to be destroyed to be reabsorbed by the Azothic-Self; the Stone had to be reduced to its essence, the form deflated, to allow for further expansion.

It is burden enough to carry a head on our shoulders, let alone a heavy crown – a task most of us are not up to. We have seen evidence of this time and time again. Humility alone obligates us to admit our limitations, as with our journey along the path of self-initiation. Once these limitations are reached, the adept can only look back and see that they have only taken but a few small steps on a long and difficult trail. One realizes that they are stuck and cannot go any further, else a guide comes to them, in the flesh and in this life, to validate their work and encourage their progress.

This is the hardest, yet most imperative lesson that there is: seeking the 'Other' is not solely an esoteric endeavor, but an exoteric one as well.





ADDENDUM

*Commentaries
and Interpretations*

CONCLUSIO

Précis

^(h)*Auroræ* is, to once more borrow from Jung's terminologies, the author's own *Liber Novus*, at this juncture in time, by virtue of it being an inner alchemical treaty (or perhaps it is the creation of personal symbols, crafting one's mythopoesis, and setting aflame the active principles in one's own Garden of the Possible!). It is a kind of spiritual successor to such texts, written so that the Arte keeps on propagating. Completed in the 36th year of the author's life, it was a particularly significant midway point, "when metanoia, a mental transformation, not infrequently occurs"¹ (N.B. Transcription of the notes, journal entries, and disparate commentaries, constituting books 1, 2 and 3 of ^(h)*Auroræ* was officially finished during Yuletide 2016).

Discovering new existential vistas meant that conversation between the *Anima* and *Animus*, or with one's HGA, the Atman, and the Superior-Insight that is LuxFerre, was made possible and was so paramount an endeavour

1. Jung, *The Red Book - A Reader's Edition*, New-York/London: WW Norton, 2009, p.14.

*Quote from Jung's *Collected Work* 5, p.xxvi.

that it came to be the prime incentive behind the redaction of this book and the author's whole life calling.

Listening to the anthems of the Ages, watching the world grow, thrive, and then crumble down. Sensing subtleties and omens in the Ayre, then breathing it in if only for a fleeting moment... The whole point of this exercise was to conjure the Dionysian Muse of Inspiration, mustering the courage to proceed and write down these lines. An *individuation* process serving as its own justification, as a symbol allowing for a better understanding of the unconscious counsel.

Of all daimons, Inspiration has to be the one whose influence has been the most intensely felt throughout mankind's history. This sibylline essence has always shown a curiosity towards humanity since It first heard and answered the embryonic Call. Since then, Inspiration has given advice and spawned ideas in the minds of both common folk and the gods, elevating them to their respective, legendary ranks.

Surely (and strangely enough), the Muse embodies every inspired and creative idea that has ever been. Yet being of pure *quiescent potentia*, it neither knows nor comprehends what these ideas represent for earthly existence; they are only passing through an earnest vessel willing to act upon them. If directly invoked as a deific, albeit 'innocent,' archetype of the Mother, It will likely reveal many secrets simply for the sake of conversing with the querent, without a shred of malignant intent behind the exchange. One would be a fool to dismiss such an opportunity. Being bestowed with such a blessing, however, can be discouraging if only for the sheer amount of new information and avenues to contemplate and explore. Where to start? How to proceed?

Hex-bereft for now, perhaps, but still? What should one first *bring* into his life? That is when and where Lucifer/Luth'riEL becomes indispensable: by helping one sort out and make sense of these revelations.

In brief, ^(h)*Auroræ* is a personal account of one's journey through the nousphere and heeding the counsel of the Numinous. It inspired the author to make a significant pivot in his personal life and career, to charge ahead with no prior notion of how to start a publishing house (let alone maintain one) and grow it successfully enough through the years. Operating in a language that is not even the author's native tongue, working two or three odd jobs at a time to make ends meet, and all the while striving toward excellence. That also meant years of selfless and stubborn commitment to the Craft without any immediate results; in doing so, both the concrete and the aetheric met in a frenzied clash, solidifying the lines between self, mission, and vocation. And these are but a few examples...

As with the author's other writings, ^(h)*Auroræ* is put forth as an offering, or an exercise in self-annealing. Along with the opus, past failures which threaten to fester and haunt are immolated (to the pyre, the lot of them!) so that the author could move on and raise the Self as promised. For it is always favourable to posit oneself vis-à-vis the Arte.

Stand your ground, state your intent, and forge ahead!

Serious adepts should map out their own journey in a similar fashion. Identifying and studying intercorrelations and parallel points of discovery that can lead to further development and research.

^(h)*Aurora*, with its many coded ideas and undertones, touches on many aspects which deserve further explanation, exploration, and extrapolation; be it concerning the Monolith, the Quartz of Return, or the Temple of LUh-hUR. Yet this manuscript, far from being a ‘modern-day grimoire’ by any means, is, first and foremost, a mystical handbook. A useful resource to have by one’s side upon undertaking an initiatory odyssey on the Path – regardless of which favoured system, or tradition, the practitioner employs.

The Luciferian Pilgrim presses on, and always “rage(s) against the dying of the Light.”²

It is relatively well known that Dylan Thomas wrote this poem for his dying father, and yet there are so many ways to interpret the villanelle, in retrospect. Esoterically, the pilgrim must always “rage” against the dying of his Inner Light – the beacon bestowed by, and which is part of, our Lord and Saviour in Gnosis. Exoterically, though, one must keep on pushing ahead, standing tall and resolute, into that “good night.” Analogically, the ‘dark night of the soul’ is indeed a ‘good’ phase, seen as a necessary stepping stone for the would-be adept. The villanelle does not assert “Do *not* go into that good night,” but rather distinctly assumes one must indeed ‘go’ into the night, and yet must not do so “gently.” The fire must be kept burning strong, always... in poised apostasy to all of that which refuses to burn as well!

A devotee discerns Lucifer not only as psychopomp, but as an egregore. The infamous ‘I’ is a by-product of the Soul enshrined, a relic best kept as a memoir of a foundation that is worth building a throne upon; but it is not the Throne itself.

2. Thomas, Dylan, *Do not go gentle into that good night*, 1947.

Perhaps the world does not create adepts, nor is it in need of them; perhaps it is the other way around. Perhaps adepts are creating the world with each passing generation, but still need the world as a platform (of expression) to do it. Perhaps the world is not brought forth by the Will of god(s), but by the need of one (or some). The need, thusly pre-dating and having precedence over the mere notion, or *concept*, of a divine archetype.

The time has come to reconnect fully with this need. To rediscover our own personal mythos as masters of our own morals and virtues, proclaiming the (re)birth of the Student-Eternal; ever-tested, ever-challenged, restless, grinding and milling, skyclad yet cloistered in the Temple of Wounds.

*"And so long as you have not attained it,
this, 'Die and become!,'
you will only be a gloomy guest
on this dark earth."*

~Johann Wolfgang von Goethe³

~*finis*~

3. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Blissful Yearning*, West-Eastern Divan, 1814 (Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Emily Ezust). 'Die to Become!,' 'To Die and be Reborn,' 'to Die and so to Grow' – (Blessed Longing) 'Stirb und werde!' – (Selige Sehnsucht, West-östlichen Divan [original in German])



APPENDIX

Breviary on ^(h)*Auroræ* proper

The central idea in alchemy is that matter and spirit are one whole unity. They are inseparable and one works on the other. The alchemist must purify himself in this material-spiritual world. Only when one had attained the highest state of perfection one could make the philosopher's stone. Therefore one must unify himself with the divine, resulting in a new 'birth' [/Name] or new state of consciousness.'

The Egregore of the Pulsing Flame **NIGREDO Dawning (6 keys):**

There is a Sun/Son behind the Sun.

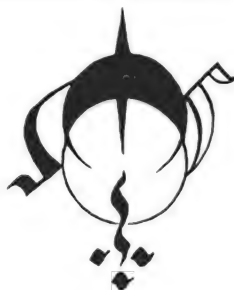
*A black diamond (The Monolith) beyond the Heavens,
(i.e. That which lies outside the confines of the PCR),*

*The halo surrounding the Sun,
Pulling us inward (towards the Event Horizon),
Is a promise of Salvation, of Return,
and of Death (of the Old Self).*

Take Her (i.e. Death)!

*And already, New Life breeds (a new Form emerges),
As yours dissipates back into the Void.*

The child-within is named 'The Eclipse.'



The formula opens, then a Double Ring of Light (or Crossing Auras) is discerned, entangled one on top of the other; at first the rings are indistinguishable from one another (as a lemniscate), and they represent a Dark Star which is cloaked by the Demiurge's power source. Thus, *Shael'aash* slowly emerges and takes form in the mind's eye of the adept. Vision comes into focus to illuminate a triangular shield composed of three hexagonal shapes before the Obsidian Sun. This aegis acts like a mirror, or a lens, distilling the light of *Shael'aash* and revealing the three primary masks of Lucifer. Observing this unfolding alters the very nature of the event horizon. Purple-hued Crescents appear on each side of the Doubled-Aura, and a fine thread of light splits the symbol in two, which represents the Womb (Aegis) and the Tomb (Annihilation). Further observation of the

unfolding changes one within. Nil becomes Monad, only to become Dyad before reverting back to Nil. The disorienting vortex is felt as a spiralling widdershins dance. This is the True Nature of equilibrium and existence: Duality as a necessary ordeal.

The first alchemical node reveals one's true visage – the Inner Lucifer and the War Waged Within, facing the Mysteries head-on. By removing these masks one by one, it is as if one is standing afloat, stark naked and wide-eyed, inside a reflective silvery sphere, unable to fix their gaze elsewhere but on themSelves.

First, do we see the effects of Time on this form, the inevitable putrefaction or decomposition settling in and out, blemishing the fabric, and exposing humankind in all its perplexing paradoxes. To return to the germinal state, persevering by turning up the heat of the Flame, the adept also uncovers several weak spots: the purulent sores out of which diseases of the spirit spread into the body apparatus. One must visit and confront his Unconscious in order to heal (*Visita Interiora Terrae Rectificando Invenies Occultum Lapidem*: "Visit the interior of the earth, and by rectifying you will find the hidden stone").

Exploration of the bosom of the Earth is thus felt as a deep regression or reversion, as one is digging into the Darkness itself, towards the Womb and the Tomb. *Regressus Ad Uterum* ("the return into the uterus") reveals a secondary, much more powerful, source of Light and Energy: the unfettered Soul buried miles deep under tons of sediment. Duality is felt not as complimentary, but as conflictual. It is a journey into the Inner Self of the Unconscious.

There, one must fight his own demons: the manifested signs of despondency, anxiety, stress, insanity, and life's 'heaviness.' Sun and Moon, at the Nigredo level, are still seen in opposition, with each Moon (plum labia) circling widdershins around the Sun (The Crown of the Horned Child). Both Sun and Moon will eventually be unified with the [Antimony] Salts (the body of Man/Woman), thrown into the Vat of the Arte (the alchemical crucible), to be burnt until the ensuing mixture is White hot. 'Tis the ceremony of opposites.

Nigredo is the initial point where the participant (the Fool) realizes the full weight of the work ahead. It is where he realizes his own worth, so he can proceed to remove, layer by layer, the lead from his Soul.

Putrefaction is so effective that it destroys the old nature and form of the rotting bodies; it transmutes them into a new state of being to give them a totally new fruit. Everything that has lived, dies; everything that is dead putrefies and finds a new life. (Pernety, 1758)

*Nigredo is the 'decapitation,' and also the 'raven's head' ('caput corvi'). Those symbols refer to the dying of the common man, the dying of his inner chaos and doubt because he is unable to find the truth in himself. (Johann Daniel Mylius, *Philosophia reformata*, Frankfurt, 1622)*

The Impetus of Anagogic Poesy **ALBEDO Dawning (7 keys):**

Secret Scriptures immured within the Seeker

*Are occulted by the Dream.
They are buried deep in the layers of Time and recollection.
(These 'living' principles are not dead but merely slumbering.)*

*Wandering off The Tree of Life,
The Luciferian is lost in his thoughts,
And yet has found his own Path.*

*He can hear Her call, piercing the triple-veil;
Her voice makes everything clearer.*

*From her Watchtower/Abode beyond the Ebon Seas,
Her Light beam causes a shadow transit, and solar eclipse
Becomes lunar eclipse, thereby partially revealing the Name.
(Or rather brings the Name from the back of
Unconsciousness to the forefront of Consciousness).*

*It is a violent Light, a White Light, to which one must submit,
In order for the one yearning to become
A living-rune (living-sutra),
To forget altogether about his desires,
And incinerate the undisciplined ego.*

*Chaos reverberates through the many shells of Cosmos,
The sonic ripples it creates are a life-affirming Calling,
Heard by the humble Adept.*



The Formula shifts in perspective when the 'Six' are viewed from another angle, whence they become 'Nine.' This is a severe reversal and transvaluation of the Self. Yet Six and Nine are both equally important: turned sideways, they reveal the sign of the Cancer, reassessing ones' convictions and undertakings. The pilgrim no longer hears the maddening screams of emotions, and of the busy mind, so deafening is the silence of Truth. Silence materializes as an 'Isa' rune. The 'I' rune is crossed perpendicularly in the middle by a lightning bolt, the shock producing powerful vibrating waves. This crossing point of Ascent and its slightly delayed thunder sound mutates to 'visibly enunciate' a Name in the sky, which, at first glance, seems as if it was spelled backwards.

The Albedo stage is not one of passive observation; it produces a most aggressive light, burning and demanding that the True Name be revealed. The magical desire *to form*, and *of form(s)*, is discarded, and yet there is a merging of the Living Runes, forming the 'I' devoid of ego.

The Dragon of Ego, dwelling deep within the Inner-Self, is killed (or tamed – thus the virtues purified) by the White Light, and balance is established. Desires are securely restrained. The head of the dragon is a stone, a reference to the 'rough stone,' or *prima materia*. The Dragon, in this instance, is a gigantic and deformed *Thurs*-like Raven, and the 'stone' is indeed the Monolith, which appears once the clouds of Nigredo have dissipated.

Rectificando ('to put right'), in the virtue-sense, reinstates one's true nature. The purification of negative emotions is achieved not by repressing them, but by transmuting them into higher faculties in the pursuit of the Great Work.

It straightens that which has grown gnarled during one's life time. The alchemist must wash 'the body' clean, to ameliorate and improve it. For this, he must pass through the 'Dark Night of the Soul.' At this many fail, their courage lacking, and they return home. The pilgrim knows this is not an easy Path, as the world of pleasure is denied before him. Yet he must toil and persist nevertheless. *Unio Mystica* reveals the Eternal Youth, Luthri'EL in his grand glory at the centre of the Pleroma. Duality is thus contained within Unity.

Albedo happens when the Sun rises at midnight. It is a symbolic expression for the rising of the light at the depth of darkness. In the depth of a psychological crises, a positive change happens.²

The Fool realizes that he is verily one with the Light-Bearer (Venus / Lucifer / Mercury / Christ / Luth'riEL). The Illusion of Safety and of Freedom is shattered by one's baptism in the Temple of LUh-hUR. For "(Man) has forgotten his origin and thinks he is in a world which in actuality is an illusion."³

This is the 'hieros gamos,' the 'sacred marriage' between the soul and Christ. Christ here represents our own inner divine essence.⁴

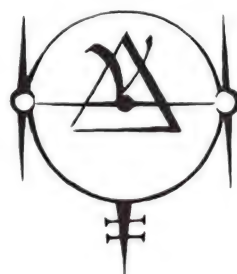
Adversarial Simulacrum

CITRINITAS Dawning (2 keys):

*'See' past the limitations of demiurgos
(mundane perception),
To ignite the Flame which will be used
As a beacon on the journey*

Through the cosmic schema, one must first open his Eyes.

*One must be opened to the 'idea' that, out of the Dream,
Dirt and gold can be excavated,
Depending on where he looks,
And how he looks at the Mystery.*



The Formula depicts, and yet circumvents, the whole Cosmic schema simultaneously. It is no gradual process; it is a direct access to untapped potential, however blocked the communication may have seemed at the onset. The Flame, which goes through each alchemical node, cannot be considered as stemming from a 'dream' (i.e. illusory), since Numinous and Matter/Apearances could simply not interact otherwise.

Citrinitas is revealed as not one of the atavistic nodes per se, but only the actualization of degrees within the still-Now; upon careful examining, this is more of an osmotic process which pierces or seeps through each of the other three main alchemical stages. Citrinitas augments the Fire at each 'level,' so to speak. Since we must dismiss Citrinitas as one of the main nodes, there is, therefore, only three main stages in the Alchemical ladder of Ascent. We come

back to the magickal '3,' the core of the Mysteries being threefold, and not fourfold (as is the PCR). Citrinitas is difficult to relate and decipher, at any stage, because it slips in and out from the fore to the back of practical thought, and reappears at any given time in between each revelation. The Peacock fans out its plumage for us to behold, each time the heat is intensified.

"The peacock's tail can have two meanings in the Great Work. It can be the collection and totality of all colours in the white light."⁵ The Peacock, as with the rainbow, may first seem like an illusion, a mirage, soon to dissipate, that is, until it takes flight; it then becomes impossible to miss and dismiss. Conscious and Unconscious kaleidoscopic meaning finally begin to make sense, albeit not from a logical stance. "The second meaning is that it represents the failure of the alchemical process... One starts seeing all kinds of forms which look real and which look like they have an independent life. But one cannot go into it as it leads to discord of the mind, and possibly to schizophrenia. The alchemist is seeking unity, expressed in the white light."⁶ Hence one needs to see past the myriad colours, discard the numerous dizzying visions, focus back on the Light, and pressure the Peacock to take flight and grow into the divine bird, Simurgh!

Citrinitas, then, is Pure Fire, and has no 'metallic or planetary' correspondence, per se. It is said to be of a golden colour, but it cannot be chained to this definition. After the quicksilver of Albedo, comes the Liquid Light, the Liquid Gold, the magma/nuclear fusion/rapture, and the WildFire. Incorruptible (especially since it cannot be fixed), it is a Fire so true that it is not subject to degradation, so long as Will, Faith, and Spirit keep it aerated and alive.

The Oriflamme's Effulgence as Psychopomp
RUBEDO Dawning (4 keys):

*It is the Peacock's plumage that mirrors
The Source (the Omni-Cipher),*

*This process betrays the absurdity of the Clay-Born
(matter-bound man/woman),
But offers a choice to the Seeker.*

*Dearest Divine Dawn,
Even the Archons know in their heart of hearts,
That the sacred hierarchy does not begin
With the mandate of demiurgos,
But rather stems from the
Womb of She-of-the-Umbra-Plasma.*

*It is where the Seeker find his faith
(faith in oneself, which by inference
automatically points at Truth),
And in the Temple of LUh-hUR,
Finds his sacramental fire,
The acceptance of the Greater-Self
And the sacrifice it requires to acknowledge it.*



The Formula is stabilized when the Peacock's plumage, the totality of its colours (i.e. the possibilities they represent) develop into viable options for the mind to recognize and recycle into form(s) he can abide. This brings about the humility needed to understand that nothing down below is ever truly solidified to a point of absolute stagnation or concretization. Everything can be altered and re-evaluated due to their transient and 'empty' quality. Knowing this means that one can, and should, set his foot down when need be, applying the full force of his Will, so that it is heard above and beyond. Faith must be directed to oneself and one's work, in equal measure to the part of self which is one with the Divine; devotion need not wholly be directed at the Unknowable Seity. There is no real contrast akin to black and white, this or that, beyond the fetters of perception. Oscillation occurs only in the noted fluctuations and projection/reflection patterns existing between the premises that 'All' acknowledges the Beloved, and that tribute is due and paid to those who become 'Love' by embodying its virtue. This obliquity of thought and this motion engenders an obligation, a law: one must be 'loved,' albeit not a love that springeth forth from the verily inconsequential physical rationale, but the love that accompanies the acceptance of the Greater-Self, and the abandon required for the notion to flow into one's life. That is known to us all already, if one is honest with oneself. In part, this honesty reveals one's own philosopher's stone: the symbol of the perfected human (Adam Kadmon, or Anthropos).

"Rubedo or redness, is even more secret and not easy to explain or understand. Rubedo is the continuation of albedo (the White Queen and the Red King.)"⁷ When the Divine Within comes to grips with the Conscious and is able to communicate, the teachings are then brought back into the Temple of Wounds.

Once the inner light has been discovered it must be made into the only reality in our consciousness. After having descended into the unconscious, into the darkness, into the underworld, we found the Light, we found the volatile Spirit. Now the volatile Spirit, or quicksilver, has to be fixated or coagulated. This means that our conscious, or attention, must completely penetrate our unconscious, or soul, or everything that lies hidden in ourselves. By doing this we fixate (that is bring it into the conscious) the volatile and make it durable. When everything in ourselves has been purified and the Light appears, we have to fixate this Light and make it durable so it remains always present... When rubedo has been realized the alchemist has accepted his spiritual inheritance [his New Name].⁸

Yet Rubedo is not the end of the Cycle (nor is it the end of cycles). On the contrary, it resets the clock, or turns back the wheel, so to speak, for the cycle to recommence. Rubedo is the knowledge of the heart, *gnosis kardias*, in sync and pulsing at the same pace and rhythm as the heartbeat of our Lord of Light: the Morning & Evening Star. The adept will find only shards of their own philosopher's stone on their journey; the likelihood that an adept may discover and embody their whole philosopher's stone, in any one life incarnation, is close to null. And that is a good thing, for "Rome wasn't built in a day." Yet, thereafter, the adept is better able to appraise the Work ahead, and consider the timeframe required to build their Inner Temple.

The overarching principle of this approach is revealed to be 'The Pursuit,' always.

Blessed Anathema

ETHER Dawning (3 keys):

*Not a god or of the God(s),
Not a devil or of the Devil,*

*Worship glows and grows within,
To the same extent that one 'be'-comes.*

*The mislead gave a Name to the Mysteries,
Before knowing their own.
Several names were given through the Æons
(and the many cycles of reincarnation).*

*There is no escaping the Flesh,
For it is the first of many sacrifices,
Offered in gyfu, for the betterment of the Greater-Self,
For the Flesh is no prison, it is a Mission.*



The Formula dissolves into the Ether. To be(come), the adept's object of worship should always stem from within, glowing and growing within the nucleus of the Self, helping one radiate golden rays of benevolence all around. Only concrete action, supported by newfound gnosis, can bring about such changes, dispelling ignorance and weakness.

Each of the names attributed to our Lord in Gnosis shall be as time-markers for the adept to enact his Will.

Forgetting about time altogether, one can win an eternity. Which is more than enough 'time' for one to look in between each chosen name/time-marker, either past or future, discarded, overlooked, or obsolete, and translate them into new possibilities. Each of these, in turn, manifest as 'scars,' as one becomes the sculptor of form(s), chiseling his own Meta-Golem/Being from beyond the margins of the passing time, before incarnating It anew and anon. It is not the duty of a god to infuse Soul into the clay, but the duty of humankind to create a thing of harmonious beauty.

Therefore, there is no need to consider the flesh as a prison. 'To Be,' embodies 'All.' Trying to escape the flesh traps one further still (such is the immature illusion of those who would wish that folly upon themselves). Trying to escape Fate, without facing it, embracing it, and eventually overcoming it, engenders further solidification, and distances one from the ladder of Ascent on the Path of Return. Living and embracing this life is a *real* choice, and the ultimate purpose of that choice lies in the running of its course.

The true fountain of youth, the Amrita-elixir, the Holy Grail, is not granted to those seeking 'immortality of the body' (a common misconception). To be(come) a God however, is to live the Eternal-Now, into the love of *Mater Nihil*.



Quotes, 1 to 8, used as reference in this part, are all, else otherwise stated, from: *soul-guidance.com*

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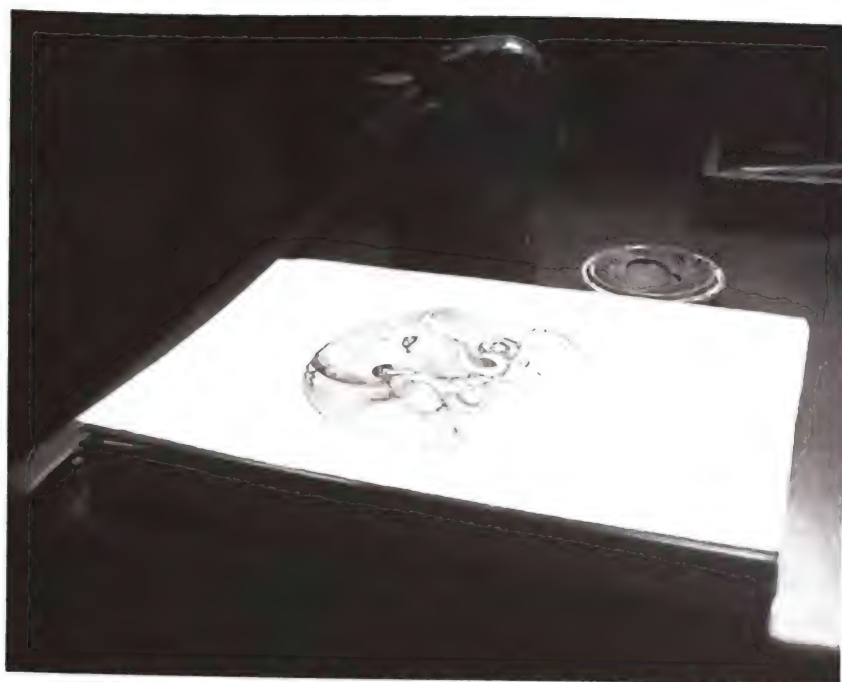
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THE BIRDS THAT SPEAK AT DAWN

On the visual side of ^(h)*Auroræ*,
its aims and influences.

by José Gabriel Alegria

Here, I will dare to intuit many things. Consequently (and, perhaps inevitably), this brief text will carry with it a confessional tone – just as my work has done over the course of its process. Like a hidden folder I would carry wherever I went, an intimate record of my contemplations.

And that, too, is the essence of *the language of birds*: it cannot be taught, it must be intuited.

My work has, so far, radically avoided discursive language. I could not find the words that would be sufficiently eloquent while also maintaining the mystery in its opalescent hue and in its inexpressible radiance. And that is what I found in these poems.

I will not make any apologies about the anachronistic nature of the present work, as I have previously done. No. There is nothing to be learned from the current age,

and I will make no compromise, nor will I sacrifice the integrity of my work so that it to be better accepted or understood by secular minds that cannot recognize the divine spark in a robin's redbreast. I will therefore use this opportunity to include a sort of Manifesto:

*The ideal of art:
To capture the movement of fire,
Of water, and how both coexist within
The transient beauty of the body.
It is the ideal of the fountain:
Substance in movement that holds an invisible form.
Both form and the vital impulse are distinct from matter itself.
They are the divine in the world.
Art, in its exercise and interpretation should be
An instrument for divine intuition.
The true knowledge of the self.*

I will mention here that Gabriel and I had reached the same point in our journeys when this current work started. It was at a point where the devilish figures that inhabit the ego no longer had a place there. Finally purged, the night had ended and the light could shine with a newly transfigured radiance.

This entire book can be read in a symbolic order, as organized by five birds and colours – one representing each stage of the alchemical transmutation. This idea guided us during the process.

The narrative within the apocryphal gospel of Thomas regarding Christ's childhood states that he created living birds out of clay¹. In both Eastern and Western cultures, birds were the symbols of *suprarrational* thinking.

1. *Apócrifos del Antiguo y del Nuevo Testamento (Apocrypha of the New and Old Testament)*, Introducción, selección y notas de Antonio Piñero. Alianza Editorial, Madrid, 2010.

René Guénon, the 20th Century French metaphysical philosopher, even devotes an entire chapter to this subject in his work *Symbols of Sacred Science*.

For me, the motif of the mystical aurora has acted as a central analogy for the spiritual quest. At the same time, this project coincided with a period in my life that Mishima called the 'dawn of flesh.'² That is to say, the discovery of the body and the use of physical discipline as a kind of destination towards a union of body and soul (with the body as the alchemical crucible). The work accompanying the verse "I reside in, ride, and am The Current" (p.115) may be the clearest crystallisation of this intense search.

^(h)*Auroræ* starts with death. The non-discursive narrative goes backwards. It starts in the moment of the *putrefactio*, where the sun is hidden. This process of the whole is also expressed within the sequence of images found in the Fourth Codex – the man in the 'death posture' experiences transmutation, thus becoming both androgynous and the peacock. Transmutation is the first key concept, which I will attempt to briefly define so it may serve as a tool for interpreting the images.

Transmutation

To depict the being in constant change, as the sum of its manifestations. Even the Numinous is expressed in the most dynamic and quickest of its possible forms – just as lightning. To capture movement through the line, it is "the movement of fire, of the currents of the waters, of the flight of the birds, of the *runaway horses*."³ This is symbolizing pure energy, both vital as well as destructive.

2. Mishima, Yukio, *El Sol y el Acero (Sun and Steel)*, pg.93, Alianza Editorial, Madrid, 2010.

3. Mishima, Yukio, *Caballos desbocados (Runaway Horses)* Alianza Editorial, Madrid, 2012.

Aesthetics of light

To express light, and to 'draw' those impossible, inexpressible emanations is a paradox as well as an absurd endeavour – at least, one that defies representation. It is, nevertheless, highly sought after here. To somehow draw light (both visible as well as metaphysical), not by way of chiaroscuro, but by granting light its own body of expression. It can be said that Władysław Tatarkiewicz defined this concept,⁴ but earlier sources point to Robert Grosseteste's *Hexaëmeron* and *De luce*, as well as Al-Kindi's *De Radiis*.

Divine Union

Although not explicit in depiction, for me many of the images (if not all) represent coitus in some form. Sexual symbolism is also present in the poems, which should come as no surprise to one familiar with alchemical imagery. "To observe is to alter," (p.73) or "the cardinal fusion in rapture" (p.81). Their corresponding illustrations follow this principle: the union of subject and object. "All who see become what they behold,"⁵ writes Blake in *Jerusalem*. Titus Burckhardt also offers a wonderful explanation of this concept in his essay on the symbolism of the mirror⁶ (which may help to explain things better than my clumsy words attempt to do).

You will find that Eastern influences quite evident within ^(h)*Auroræ's* imagery – the *hanko* seals, Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, the poems of Rumi, the *Conference of the Birds*. And of the West's influence as well – Albrecht Dürer, Heinrich Khunrath, Michael Maier, Philipp Otto Runge, La Villa Dei Misteri...

4. Tatarkiewicz, Władysław, *History of Aesthetics, Vol. II Medieval Aesthetics*, pg. 226 PWN, Warsaw, 1970.

5. Blake, William, *Jerusalem The Emanation of the Giant Albion*, plate 66, in *William Blake, The complete Illuminated Books*, pg. 363, Thames and Hudson, 2009.

6. Burckhardt, Titus, *El simbolismo del espejo en la mística islámica*, en *Ensayos sobre el conocimiento sagrado (Essays on Sacred Knowledge)*, José J. de Olañeta Editor, 1999, pg. 61 y 62.

Specifically, the Fitzgerald translation of the *Rubaiyat* (also illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan) was the model for the ideal book in my view. My approach was raw and associative: to let the poems attack the mind without further elaboration. Let the verses speak for themselves and metamorphose into images.

Yet, once my planned work was completed, new visions poured forth unexpectedly. ^(h)*Auroræ* became a sort of delightful illness that returned again and again. There is also a minimalism present in certain pieces that I had not allowed myself to explore in my previous work – a simplicity, yearning to capture light in one final gesture.

More than once, I have dreamed of discovering strange books full of mysterious emblems. After these dreams, I felt I recognized the images as being the *Aurora Consurgens*. Later, I also found that Jung had almost identical dreams, and that he devoted 16 years of work to his *Liber Novus*. His drawing entitled ‘*Systema mundi totius*’ was the inspiration for the central circular piece in the present work. Borges’s notion of a circular book in his tale ‘The Library of Babel’ inspired the work’s overall structure and the format. Ultimately, the goal is to create that once-dreamed book, which, as a circle, may be read in all possible directions.

The birds silently speak to the keen wanderer as he travels towards the light of an inner sun, following the red signs in the morning sky. It is our duty to unapologetically rediscover and reconquer these symbols, to read the subtle messages within the peacock’s plumage.





A large, ornate shell, possibly a nautilus or a large mollusk, featuring intricate patterns and a central figure.

GLOSSARY & ALLEGORIES

A

Agapae (ἀγάπη): Unfettered and unadulterated devotion/love to Her majesty, She-of-the-UmbraPlasma: the Omni-Cipher.

Archons (Nebrô, Saklas, Gavri'el, Mikha'el, etc.): Subordinate variations or kaleidoscopic manifestations/facets of laldabaôth, the egoistic and marginally corrupted demiurgos of Gnostic tradition. Archons are the ruling angels and 'guardians' of Barbêlôetic order and of the Cube of Space, mainly referred to in this manuscript as the Collapsing Tree of Life and Death. These four have been chosen out of the plethora of Archons to represent the four dimensions of reality to be supplanted in order to 'see beyond' the suggestive light of demiurgos (barriers to cross on the four elemental stages of Alchemy).

Aeon: A somewhat vague notion of a time period, era, or generation of existence. Attributed to various intersecting, and sometimes colliding, spheres/planes of existence.

Æthyrs/Aetheric (Ether): Altered vibrational states/domains, enabling the magus to travel great distances and visit unknown territories of the mind/spirit. Pertains to that which transcends limitations of the physical apparatus. As 'substance' or 'agent,' it can be attributed to the fifth, hidden degree of Alchemy, known as the Quintessential epiphany and the Perfect(ed)-Man (see *Adam Kadmon*).

Adversarial Simulacrum: Can be interpreted in many ways: 'The likeness of Adversity,' 'The Adversarial Image of Self,' 'Antagonistic Duplicate of Self,' 'Wrongful or hostile representation of Self,' 'Mirrored, albeit distorted, version of Truth about the Self,' etc.

Anagogic: Method of transmission from the Unconscious to the Conscious on the Path of Ascent via symbolical concordances and their interpretation. Spiritual allegories leading to the creation of one's mystical exegesis.

Ananta: That which is endless, infinite, eternal. Expansion without limit.

Amrita: Ambrosia, or blood of the Gods, liquid-life-seed analogous to the Sangraal. The pursuit and consumption of such fabled beverage seemingly opening the doors to immortality (i.e. to break free from the Circle-Cycle towards the Spiral-Cycle).

Agni: Divine Fire / Creative Drive. The single most important essence permitting foggy idea(l)s to take form and be 'brought to life' in the Now. Also the God of Sacrificial Fire [Hinduism].

Anathema: Curse, execration, imprecation, most notably

directed against demiurgos and his cosmic order. The poison (*Eitr*) in veins of gods, and that which stands against, outside, or in contra-distinction to, established orthodoxy. (see *Heterodox*).

Arc'Continuum: Term of the author's making somewhat referring to a progression in virtue or refinement of vibrational state, permitting one to arch over trappings of Destiny (Circle-Cycle) and cross over to reach a larger scope of exploration and objectivity through Fate, and the eventual overcoming of Fate (Spiral-Cycle). (see *Pleroma*).

Autogenous: Independent in essence, form, and creation. Self-generated, self-regulating, and self-sustaining.

Anima Mundi: The Oversoul, and that which connects all to the body of 'All.' Universal consciousness/cognition (see *Nousphere*).

Arte Magickal (or Mystery Arte): The whole of 'The Craft,' either representing or attempting to manipulate the hidden powers from behind the Veil, or bring them from the other side to this one. A term having myriad implications and definitions depending on personal proclivities.

Al'Thuba (Sephiroth and Qliphoth): 'Al' which is Arabic for 'Al (Allah)/God, and corresponds directly to the Hebrew אל 'El/God.' Holy World Tree (of Life and Death), Yggdrasil, or various configurations/combinations (spiritual interpretations) of emanations used as potent tool/system/cosmogony to partly elucidate the mystery of existence.

Atman: Micro and Macrocosmic potentia meeting in one's Soul, the breath of the Divine Within, Brahman ItSelf and within One-Self. Higher or True-Self (Nature in Oneness), able

to communicate virtues and guidelines from a third-person perspective (not taking under consideration the needs and wants of Ego), the ensuing dialogue, which is verily a soliloquy, ennobling and refining the Soul.

Azoth/Azothic: Most illusive element and hermetic notion, greatest creative power in the Universe emanating forth from the Perfected/Mercurial Form, the Atman. Alchemical compound of the three main elements in the creation of the Philosophical Stone, be it; Salt, Mercury, Sulphur. The adept absorbed by the Monolith discovers his Azothic Self.

Asomatous: Somatic body which is incorporeal, and soars past the Moon in astral voyages through the Æthyrs.

Aqua Permanis: The King bathing to remove dross: Nigredo.

Anaphora/Anamnesis: Bringing back to the surface, recalling, repeating, and rediscovering Truths-Within and Gnostic teachings in reverential settings. Acknowledging these once-known axioms, in order to add and expand upon these.

Abramelin: Fabled Egyptian mage who purportedly passed on his sacred magic to Abraham Von Worms for the precise purpose of Calling Forth and Conversing with one's Holy Guardian Angel. (see *HGA*).

Adam (Kadmon) / Anthropos: Dia-Gnosis (dual knowledge) of the Human 'Symptom' (i.e. dichotomy). The 'Adam' represents both the base, lowliest, and the uppermost aspects of Man-in-the-making, as well as Man-made-God (or God-made-into-Man). Adam ha Rishon is the lethargic, incomplete, and static facet of Man, far-off from The Source, whilst the

Adam Kadmon is the active, awakened, and living Golden Mean; the Fool having completed his journey around and past the Sun, only to begin his journey anew.

Atavistic: Qualifier used to underline the backtracking process one has to embrace on the Path of Return. Ancestral forms of worship and worldview.

Amun.AMN.Atum: *Amun* being 'the Hidden Light of God,' *Amen* being a sacred utterance used to crystallize the Will and intent of the devotee (equivalent to 'So Mote It Be' or 'So Be It'), *Atum* being 'the First and the Last of God' (Alpha & Omega). The combination of the three utterances are a personal take on how to properly thank the Ancients/gods and spirits, whence concluding any operation.

Apokryph(a): By definition, are considered 'hidden messages/teachings,' but with a modicum of research, one can easily find, read, and interpret these scriptures, so as to better appraise Religious Tradition (often to elucidate Abrahamic creed and its common points of origin and dissension).

Acheron, Styx, Phlegethon, Lethe, and Cocytus: The five rivers of the Underworld (Hades). [Greek Mythology].

B

Big Bang, Big Bounce: Cosmological models of interpretations and scientific hypotheses about the formation of the known universe. The beginning (singularity) expanding in Time (Big Bang), followed by contraction (Big Crunch), leading to yet another Big Bounce (hypothesis supporting

the foundations for the Multiverse) for the cycle to recommence. Closely related to the author's interpretation of the Cosm'Conundrum cycles, this Era (Aeon) being one of the spiritual contractions (despite indications of expansion of matter in time) forming The Quartz of Return, to be used as theosophic model.

Ba'al Ayin: *Ba'al*: Ugaritic term meaning 'Lord' or 'Master,' also use to refer to a 'God.' No relation to the Goetic prince of hell. *Ayin*: Hebrew word meaning 'Nothingness,' 'eye' or 'to see,' 'window of knowledge' and the symbol '0.' Two interpretations are deduced, either meaning the 'Lord of Absence' (Master of the Void), or 'God of Revelation' (opening the Eye to Knowledge from the Void).

Bella Figura: Appearance/Semblance of the perfection of the Kingdom of God/Heaven (Cosmic Creation), as purported by the various religious creeds and dogma.

Baetyl: A roughly shaped stone (such as a meteorite) held sacred or worshipped as being of divine origin. (see *Omphalos* and *Monolith*).

Bifröst: Rainbow Bridge of Norse mythology, connecting the world of Man with the realm of the Gods. (see *Arc'Continuum*).

Byzantine: Of a system or situation which is excessively or deviously complicated and intricate.

Barbelo/Barbēlōetic: One of the many names of God, and yet, depending on interpretations of Apocrypha, the feminine counterpart of The Source (meaning Forethought of the All – the Mother). The initial Aeon, before expansion, separation,

and compression of the system into what is Sephiroth and Qliphoth, here expressed as The Collapsing Tree of Life and Death, or The Quartz of Return.

C

Cosm'Conundrum/Kenoma: Term of the author's making that refers to a looping, puzzling, and circular state of the finite and subjective karmic space of Destiny (Circle-Cycle) preventing further exploration through Fate (Spiral-Cycle).

Crown of Atziluth: The highest realm of Divine emanations/concepts, closest to The Source on the Qabbalistic Tree of Life. World of Will and Unity (One with God).

Catena: Latin for 'chain' or *catenae* (plural).

Catch-22: A no-win dilemma or paradox; a directive that is impossible to obey without violating some other, equally important, directive.

Cimmerian: Perpetual mist and darkness. Pertaining to the Ancient Dead and the Underworld.

Cipher: Nil containing the possibility of All. Secret encoding/encryption within Zero (Void).

Cerberus: Triple-headed beast guarding the gates of Hades [Greek and Roman mythology]. Analogically similar to the Sphinx as revealer of inner Truths.

Chnoubis-Abraxas-Lucifer: Sacred Trinosophia (Holy Three-fold Wisdom) and main psychopomps of the author. Correla-

tions are too numerous to expound on, but may be summed up as 'Aegis-Change-WillFire' Chnoubis: Gnostic Agathodaimon ('good spirit'), Serpent of Light, Great Dragon and prince of the Earth (however the author dissociates the analogies made with demiurgos or Yaldabaoth). Abraxas: Direct extension of Chnoubis, in which transcendence over demiurgos and concepts of 'the Devil' unites them into the Supreme Androgyne (see *Unio Mystica*) which is Lucifer. Lucifer, the ultimate Light-Bringer, implanting the teachings into the body-mind-spirit apparatus of the adept.

Cenotaph: Monument honouring the dead; 'empty tomb.'

D

Druj: Here understood as 'The Deceived' and 'Spreader of Falsehood.' Also the 'sinful' following 'The Great Lie' which opposes Truth. [Zoroastrianism] Or, simply put, the Archonized. (see *Hylics*).

Da'at: (Hidden Gnosis, Perfect Union of Wisdom, Understanding, and Knowledge.) Independent 11th sphere (cannot be considered a true *sefirah* for the same reason that the numeral 11 cannot be considered a digit) of the Tree of Life. (Also, nexus to both the Temple of LUh-hUR and the Tree of Death), direct access to The Source. The heart of the Monolith.

Daimon of Weal: Illustrative name given to the whole (combination) of the Ogdoad (eightfold mystery) to represent the Spirit of Prosperity through Sacrifice. *Weal:* Old English meaning well-being and prosperity.

E

Enchiridion: A handbook; small manual.

Edhen: One's Garden of the Possible, here expressed as something to discover and care for within, sowing strong principles to reap immense personal benefits.

Egress and Ingress: To go out (exiting) or coming in (entering) a state, being restricted or granted access (exoteric or esoteric) to knowledge and power.

Eitr: Poisonous substance, pouring forth from *thurs*/giant Ymir, which paradoxically corrupts the cosmic order (Jörmungandr circling around like a noose and tightening) but also creates life as we know it (Norse mythology is somewhat vague concerning this, and the author is far from being an expert in the field. For explanations concerning the usage of this term in the present work, see *Anathema*).

Egregore: Thoughtform/Entity/Watcher of a group, culture, or clan of people which encapsulates shared ideals and virtues.

F

Fanaa: Annihilation/Dissolution, the breaking down of one's ego, and in this life, to suffer the death (or passing over) of the self for the Self; an allegory for the finding of a higher state of enlightenment. [Sufism]

G

Grant Oeuvre: The Great Work, or '*Opus Alchymicum*.'

Gyfu: Gift of oneself, sacrificial offering in equal measure to one's self worth. Reciprocity, surrendering, and meaningful exchange; the act being sacred in itself, to infuse with purpose and blessedness. [X Rune, Anglo-Saxon Runology]

Gandreidh: Wanderer, Walker on the wind, Myrkridr (myrkr=darkness), Hedgewytch, Pilgrim, Wayfarer, Traveller, Mystic, Votary.

H

Hierophant: Any interpreter of sacred mysteries or esoteric principles; mystagogue. Tarot Trump V of the Major Arcana of Tarot.

Helix: A smooth space curve in three-dimensional space around a fixed axis. In the present work, representing the Spirit breaking off the Cycle-Circle to embrace the Spiral-Cycle.

Heorte: Heart, Courage and Will (Old English, from Proto-Germanic: *hertô*).

HGA (Holy Guardian Angel): One's psychopomp or mentoring spirit. Reference to the guardian spirit of *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*.

Hemlock: Poisonous Plant closely associated with baneful sorcery; agent of Saturnal influence.

Henosis: Greek word for spiritual 'oneness' or unity. In Neoplatonism, the soul's purification, accomplished primarily through philosophy, culminates in noetic vision and finally

in mystical union (Plot. Enn.VI.7.36); the divine truth is an indivisible *henosis* of real beings.

haShem: (lit. 'the name') Judaic epithet for the 'one god' of the Old Testament, or Gnostic Demiurge.

Hane'elam (*da'at hane'elam*): 'The hidden knowledge;' the concealed aspect of *da'at elyon* ('higher knowledge'), the former leading to self-discovery into the Nightside of the Tree, the latter leading to *Yichud* ('union') with the god-most-high of the Dayside of the Tree [Hebrew].

Hiéron: Sacred enclosure or sanctuary, into which one builds the inner temple.

Hyle/Hylics: Opposite of Psyche/Psychics. A Somatic, matter-bound type of human beings. Archonized beings incapable of understanding the mysteries, and limited to the material world.

Heterodoxy: Dissident to Orthodoxy, contrary to, or different from, an acknowledged standard or traditional form, i.e. established religion. Not agreeing with fixed beliefs or doctrines. (see *Luciferianism*).

I

Iosis: Alchemical interaction and undulating energy/fire, permeating, seeping into every 'stage' of the alchemical Ladder of Ascent, and yet made clear at the Rubedo level. (These processes have similar names for each level: Nigredo = *Melanois*, Albedo = *Leucosis*, Citrinitas = *Xanthosis*, Rubedo = *Iosis*).

Iblis: King of the Sat'ans ('*shaytans*', i.e. mischievous spirits or Jinn of Earth who reside in a universe parallel to the human world) who tempt mankind on Earth. Also known as Azazel [Arabic].

Ialdabaoth: See *Archons*.

Ichor: Ethereal fluid flowing in the veins of the gods.

Jacob's Ladder: Original thread between Man and Celestia (or higher stages of existence) that becomes apparent through oneiric contact or astral flight, such as in the Book of Genesis (28:10-19).

Lingua Franca: A bridge, common, trade, or vehicular language; a language or dialect systematically used to make communication possible between people who do not share a native language or dialect.

La Lumière S  nestre (Fr.): The Sinister Light, or Black Flame.

Leviathan (Na'hash, Ouroboros, J  rmungandr): The Titanesque force, world-serpent, or dragon, tightening the noose around Creation, and spreading its venom (*Eitr*) corroding the cosmic laws of demiurgos.

Limbo: An imaginary/analogical place for lost, forgotten souls stuck in a region bordering heaven and hell after death; Oblivion.

Luciferianism: 'Self'-directed *elitism*, (not at all related to social-economic strata, culture, royalty, status, or wealth/abundance, hereditary descendant/bloodline, or notions of Western capitalism and power imbalance). The attitude or behaviour of a person towards his own worth/potential and achievements. The Work of inspired *evolove* (see p.300, 302, & 304).

Liberion: see p.153 & 223.

Liber Novus: *"Jung termed the period between 1912 and 1918 his 'confrontation with the unconscious.' It was through this that he developed his principle psychological theories of the archetypes, the collective unconscious and the process of individuation, and transformed psychotherapy from a practice predominately concerned with the treatment of the sick into a means for the higher development of the personality. This led to the development of analytical psychology as a theoretical discipline and as a form of psychotherapy. At the centre of this was an unpublished book entitled Liber Novus, also called The Red Book, upon which he worked for sixteen years."* (Philemon Foundation)

M

Melek Taus: *"Tawsi Melek: the 'Peacock Angel' and 'Peacock King,' is the most import deity of the Yezidis. The Yezidis believe... that Tawsi Melek is the true creator and ruler of the universe, and therefore a part of all religious traditions. Once he arrived on Earth he became its monarch and has since governed the world from an etheric dimension."* (yeziditruth.org)

Mnemonic: Process/Tool designed to burn the imprint of important, relevant factors upon one's mind and memory.

Metonymy: Substitute qualifier using the attribute of a thing or concept instead of the actual word; name change signifying precisely to what it is related.

Monad: 'Ultimate, indivisible unit,' from which, as from a principle, all numbers and multiplicities are derived. The metaphysical 'One' or One-God.

Metanoia: Spiritual self-transformation or evolution resulting from honest conversation with one's Atman; reformation, atonement, etc.

N

Nadir and Zenith: *Nadir:* The point of the celestial sphere that is directly opposite the *Zenith* and vertically downward from the observer; The lowest point. *Zenith:* The point of the celestial sphere that is directly opposite the *Nadir* and vertically above the observer; the highest point reached in the heavens by a celestial body. In the present work, are used as synonyms for the alchemical idiom 'As Above, So Below.'

Nous: Divine Mind, Collective Unconscious. 'Thought' free of existential dilemma. Transparent perception, imagination, and reason, into one immortal principle.

Nousphere: The (atmos)sphere of creative human thought.

Nix (Nil & Nox): Contraction meaning 'Be(coming) No-thing into the Night.'

Nod/Noden: A Land of Exile. In the Torah and the Christian Old Testament, the Land of Nod is a place mentioned in the

Book of Genesis, located “on the east of Eden,” where Cain was exiled by God after Cain had murdered his brother Abel. (Genesis 4:16)

Nexion/Nexus: Gateway, Portal, or Tunnel.

Naos: Inner part of a temple, or Shrine.

Neokoros: One who is in charge of said shrine, a sacristan and devotee. Temple-Keeper, Temple-Warden.

Numen/Numinous/Numina: Divine Will and Divine Presence, also, Light of the Divine Within.

Neoteric: To bring back to the forefront of theoretical implication and priority. One who advocates new idea(l)s often by shedding new light over old precepts of faith and tradition. New angle, or new ways, to look upon age-old axioms and practices.

O

Oriflamme: A central principle, a rallying point to uphold in the uphill battle and struggle of mundane life.

Omphalos: The stone/effigy at the centre of the world. In the present work, representing the beak of the Raven protruding from the earth, and representing the Monolith.

Ogdoad/Ogdoadic: A group/set of eight gnostic principles, which, as a whole can represent a group's egregore, or one's psychopomp.

P

Phosphoros/Eosphoros: *Esperus* and *Eosphorus*: Lucifer, the Morning and Evening star (Venus).

Perditionist: Made-up word meaning one who is both sacrificer and sacrificed. In the Christian sense, one who is in a state of eternal damnation.

Pia Fraus: A fraud/lie contrived and executed to benefit the Church.

Parthenogenesis ex nihilo: Reproduction out of, or from, nothing. Conception without fertilization; virgin birth. Creation from the Void.

Pentalphic: Related to the fifth aether of Alchemy, The Path of Exile & Exalt, or The Path of Return. Mystery of the inverted pentagram and the formula behind ^(h)*Auroræ*.

Prima Materia: Either the Philosopher's Stone itself, or the means by which to achieve and create/rediscover one's Philosopher's Stone; a formless primeval substance regarded as the original material of the universe.

Paragon/Psychopomp: Guide, Mentor figure. Spirit or person (Ancient) or *thing* viewed as a model of excellence, revered as prime example of Virtue.

Pleroma: The totality of fullness and emptiness, of divine powers and emanations. Distinct yet encompassing Kenoma (cosmic manifestation / PCR).

Q

Qayin/Tubâl-Qayin: www.clanoftubalcain.org.uk/spear.html

Quanta/Quantum: Physics: the smallest quantity of radiant energy, equal to Planck's constant times the frequency of the associated radiation. The fundamental unit of a quantized physical magnitude, as angular momentum. Homologous to pockets of inert potential to be activated.

Qutub / QTB: The focal point of all spiritual energy. The *Axis Mundi* of the Perfect(ed) human being. [Sufism]

R

Ruha: The Primal Mother of Darkness, but also 'breath' and 'spirit,' hence the vital spirit of the Void.

Ragnarøk (Descent/decline of the Gods): The demise of the old Nordic gods through corruption and catastrophe that will end the world as it is known, to make place for a better one. A Great Battle inculcates a New Dawn, a genesis of Hope. [Norse mythology]

S

Shael'aash: The Obsidian Sun, source of the Black Light. Nightside counterpart to the Holy Solar Archetype *Shemeshiel*.

Sigaldric / Sygaldry: The magical art of writing and binding runes/symbols, making them come to life.

Shekinah: The feminine attributes of the presence of God. The English transliteration of a Hebrew word meaning 'dwelling'

or 'settling' and denotes the dwelling or settling of the divine presence of God.

Scylla and Charybdis: Being "between Scylla and Charybdis" is an idiom deriving from Greek mythology, meaning "having to choose between two evils".

Simurgh: The Simurgh is sometimes compared to a phoenix, but is also described as a creature having the body of a lion, and the wings and beak of a bird. The touch of the Simurgh, or one of its feathers, could heal a man instantly. According to Persian myth, the Simurgh lived in the Tree of Knowledge.

Sophia, and Sophia-Achamoth: Sophia is the gnostic 'Mother of All' who is Grace, Silence, and Womb. Through her daughter Sophia-Achamoth, occurs The Fall and subsequent redemption of Man. Sophia-Achamoth (The Fallen Sophia) comprises the Ogdoad.

Sopor: Unnatural Deep Sleep; lethargic stupor.

Sephiroth and Qlipoth (Sitra Ahra) : See *Al'Thuba*.

Sui Generis: Of its own kind. Unique(ness). [Latin]

Seity: A quality peculiar to oneself, selfhood, and individuality. Also, contraction herein meaning 'Supreme-Self Deity.'

Senescent: Growing towards obsolescence. The Old; gradual deterioration of function and form.

Syzygies: Male/Female pairs of emanations/aeons resulting from the Gnostic Ogdoad.

Superstring (theory): An attempt to explain all of the particles and fundamental forces of nature in one theory by modelling them as vibrations of tiny supersymmetric strings.

Seidhr: Old Norse appellation for trance-induced sorcery, often of an oracular nature.

Sibylline: Oracular, clairvoyant, and mysterious.

T

Tessaract/Tetractys (Tetragrammaton/YHWH): Tetractys (Decad), and its extrapolation in Tessaract, expanding or contracting, and a multi-dimensional representation of Tetragrammaton, and of X, Y, Z, Time, Space, Cause, and Effect. Synonymous with the Sacred Quaternion, 4 and 10 representing the cosmic enclosure (PCR). Numbers that were “worshipped as divinities by the Pythagorean” (Source: *Man and His Symbols*, JUNG (Youtube, Part.4, 18:40), and *Mackey's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*.)

Trimorphic Protennoia: The Omni-Cipher, or any number of Sophianic triple-formed thought reconciled in, and for, the study of the Mystery Arte.

Trimurti: In Hinduism, triad of the three gods Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. The collapse of three into one (creator, preserver, destroyer). Herein used as a symbol to represent Trimorphic Protennoia ruling over and under the cosmic egg. [Sanskrit]

Theurgia: The art of invoking spirits for aid, information, or knowledge unachievable through human reason alone.

Tabula Magna Summa: The Great Table of the Alchemical Body/Sum/Worth. [Improper, but phoenetically interesting, Dog Latin phrasing.]

Thanathos/Athanatos: That which defies logic and reason. Representing Life, and Death, and the interplay between the two.

Theophanic: A manifestation or appearance of God or a god to a person.

Typhlotic: Blind. In this instance, spiritually blind or ignorant, i.e. wilful blindness. "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

Trismegistus, Hermes: Thoth, Poimandres. God of Wisdom and purported author of the *Corpus Hermeticum*.

Trinosophia: Most Holy Threefold Wisdom. (see *Chnoubis-Abraxas-Lucifer*).

U

Ur-: A combining form meaning 'earliest, original,' used in words denoting the primal stage of a historical or cultural entity or phenomenon. [Sumerian.]

Ultima Enigma: The fundamental question, or 'The riddle of the Great Sphinx.'

Unio Mystica: *Anima* and *Animus* conjoined. The Sacred Marriage or Chymical Nuptials. Refers to the union of our divine spirit with the Soul, and finally with the body.

V

Viridis: The (virile) Young One. The Horned Child. Buoyant, lively, and blooming.

W

Wyrd/Karma/Fate: The cycle herein referred to as the Spiral-Cycle, distinct from the notion of Destiny (Circle-Cycle).

Watchers/Nephilim: Offspring of the “sons of God” and the “daughters of men” before the Deluge (Genesis 6:4). (see. *Archons*).

Waymark: Coordinate of particular significance, mnemonic keys and noticeable symbols on the Path.

Wicce/Cunning: Meaning ‘Wise,’ those-in-the-know, and here bears no connotation to the modern form of Pagan Witchcraft called Wicca.

Z

Zeitgeist: The general intellectual, moral, and cultural climate of an era.

Zoa/Azoa: Resonance/Formula used to represent ingress and egress, back and forth, alpha and omega, the process being fluid, extensible and thus infinite, the focus being on the ‘in-between’ states rather than the beginning or the end. Creation/Annihilation, and vice-versa.



AFTERWORD

by Shani Oates

*"Courteous Reader, I compare the whole Philosophy,
Astrology, and Theology, together with their mother,
to a goodly tree which groweth in a fair garden of pleasure."*

~Jakob Böhme¹

Gabriel Mc Caughry opens this reflective pause in his pilgrimage to find Truth, to describe the following, compelling declaration of intent:

*"The recalling or retelling of the many Pasts,
made Present & Whole again."*

The work he projects exists as 'an eternal remembrance,' a directive course that brings us to *an election of Grace*.² This remarkable alchemical treatise walks us through a startling expression of emotive gnosis. Beautifully wrought as arte, his words fall as pearls, in prose and verse to inform and inspire the reader through this psalmodic work. Written as glorious

1. Preface For The Aurora To the Courteous Reader, Jakob Böhme, 1620.

2. Stanzas 154.

tribute to his Muse, “Mistress of the Ebon Sea, twin-sister of Eos in Sleep” the author describes it as: “a work of agapae, in the purest sense of the word.”

The work is pure, poignant and scaldingly honest. Gabriel’s unique vision echoes the mentation of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, probing as it does into the human aspirations to *know*. It seeks the greatest mystery: “the real-yet-unknown visage of the Divine. An Image, which can only be seen through the mist, and an echo from the Voice of LuxFerre” – “That meek darkness be thy mirror.” “What is this darkness?” Evelyn Underhill asks of the anonymous author of *The Cloud*. Ponderous, she understands that it is the “night of the intellect,” adding her further impression of how it becomes that “into which we are plunged when we attain to a state of consciousness which is above thought;” allowing us to then “enter on a plane of spiritual experience with which the intellect cannot deal. This is the ‘Divine Darkness’ — The Cloud of Unknowing, or of Ignorance, dark with excess of light.” How tranquil, how exquisitely bereft of logic is this “Divine Darkness,” a state of pure love, so beautifully expressed by the poet as a “mysterious radiance, which seemeth to be between thee and the light thou aspiest to.”³

^(h)*Auroræ* seeks beyond and above the all too human condition in order to understand it, and advance it *vis-à-vis* a sensual Sophianic psychology, witnessed in cogitation. Mind, in tandem with vision, incorporates a veiled process of subtle Jungian analysis leading to a Grail Quest of intent to remove the blindfold from the Holy Fool. By no mean measure, the invocation of *spirit of mind* manifests as a template of *arteful word*; in symbolism are its magicks occulted, made animate as talismanic media. A work of pilgrimage, conjunction, and

3. Anon. *A Book Of Contemplation The Which Is Called The Cloud Of Unknowing, In The Which A Soul Is Oned With God*, edited from the British Museum MS. Harl. 674, with an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill, 2nd Edition (London: John M. Watkins, 1922).

apotheosis, it directs the reader through pause, anticipation, and intake. Sometimes rapturous, sometimes ponderous.

As an alchemical modality, it journeys through the weave of making, encountering along the way, the twin serpents of the caduceus. These are the Solar, *Rosa Rubeus* and Lunar, *Rosa Alba* dragons of the philosophers' Mercury – the Father and Mother (fixed and volatile – sulphur and mercury). Mercurial water is the agent of transmutation and return to divine unity, the essence of true magical transformation and exultation. By this essence, all things are resolved to their primal or monadic being – their pristine existence. As each serpent devours the other, a phoenix arises from their ashes – the perfected being!

Cognate with the four Qabbalistic worlds are the four elements, compass points, and cardinal symbols; asserted together as supplements to the four stages of the alchemical process as they shift from earth to fire, black to red, and from raven to phoenix; the soul in ascent towards Individuation. Metaphorically termed a 'red stone,' the apprenticed pilgrim is invited to attempt ascension of the seven rung ladder towards gnosis and consummation of all desire. These stages will anneal the *prima materia*, until Sun and Moon form the 'lapiz' (*lapis exilis*), the true 'gold' of the philosophers' stone. This Grail of Gnosis is 'philosophical,' though not elemental Mercury, the crowned genius – named *Azoth*.

As a generic *ground* of choice, the Qabbala provides a logical key for understanding and working through this process; its praxis is non-partisan. Robert Cochrane discussed at length with senior occultist William Gray its representative merits as the mystery of life, explored as a descent upon

the Tree, *Kether* to *Malkuth*, that is, from the Crown to the Kingdom. This most curious *Great Work* requires the *return*.

Humanity mirrors divine light, present within all creation, the ultimate expression of how force first descends into form, from *Kether* to *Malkuth*, and of return, of ascent through form into force as a Luciferian tenet of *Lux Mundi*. As a legend (key), it is analogous to the Journey of Sophia, who desired to know Herself as flesh and so beheld Herself in reflection, casting Her light upon the material planes of void to create all living things upon a living earth. First alchemist and diviner of the sacred stone, we follow Her accord. The 'light seed' of Heaven can denote the transmission of spirit into the phenomenal darkness of material nature, the *Harmonia Mundi*. Each soul descends into matter, a divine seed of unripened pleroma – the *magnum opus*. Historically, of course, the Bennu, Roc, Simurgh, and Phoenix are the mythological birds of fire – Xvarenah – who bear the cosmic 'seed of light.'

"Darkness is the basis and root of Light, without which the latter could not manifest or exist. Light is Matter and Darkness is pure Spirit. Darkness, in its radical, metaphysical basis, is subjective and absolute Light. While the latter, in all its searing effulgence and Glory, is merely a mass of shadows."

~Madame H. P. Blavatsky

All light reveals and casts forth facsimiles; all shadows absorb and conceal – the angels/sephiroth are both light and shadow, thus by default is man, as we are the reflex of the angel, the manifest cause. We yearn to re-trace that descent back to the All-Source: through experience are we led; through interaction we achieve understanding; through love are we refined; through will do we attain. We move

through faith, belief, experience, and truth. There we find the indwelling spirit, She who dwells within and without, the living breathing breath of life, the Tree itself, whose body we climb. When all are redeemed so is She, the most precious Tree of All. Her arms embrace us within its folds, She is the spirit of the Tree, the Grace of All. Life is beautiful because of Her. Through the *Lux Mundi* and the *Anima Mundi* conjoined within ourselves do we become whole within the *sight* and *presence* of the All. Our lack of Grace is the poignant state of separation from the Beloved, our longing and desire to regain that state; to be 'as one' is the driving force of religion, though, sadly few appear to burn with this fire. The Mystic lives in the shadows, within the concealed light of true gnosis.

"Darkness adopted illumination to make itself visible."

~Robert Fludd

What Her presence as the Beloved offers everyone is *choice*. Traditionally, within almost all esoteric practices, the left and right sides of the human body correspond with the divine *form* – the two sides that generate the Tao, the holism of the *One*. Expressed both philosophically and metaphorically through the *Tree*, it is most pertinent within the traditions of the Qabbala and all those influenced by it. Here it is form and force, light and dark, active and passive – mercy and severity (also perceived as justice), expansion and contraction, order and chaos; through unity of these potencies, we acquire Grace, located centrally within the Middle Pillar. Divine prayer and interaction with deity suffuses and purifies the human soul.

Within the Medieval period, for just a short time, several divinely inspired artists stepped outside the prescribed view to portray the Tree of Life, *upside down*, with its roots in the

heavenly spheres and the branches tantalizingly poised within reach of humankind. It was thus our mission to purify the self as a fit vessel in order to return home by climbing the Tree to Heaven, there to stand in the divine *presence* and thus be illuminated. For theurgists, this meant the utilisation of thaumaturgy, for we must first *draw down the blazing Promethean Torch* to enable us to ascend. We cannot complete the shift without it. Ascent is impossible without a vehicle and the power to operate it. The Compass is such a tool, *Love under Will* of both human and the divine combine as the force of generative shift. The Tetragrammaton below is regarded as an abbreviated symbol for the divine elements that formulate the Tree, a tableaux to describe the materialisation of ultimate deity – of force through form. Around the Throne, four beasts of the four worlds guard the presence of the Most High; the *bull, man, eagle*, and the *lion*, again taking us from *earth* to *fire*.

Creative	Yod	Phoenix	Father	Rubedo	Chochmah
Receptive	He	Eagle	Mother	Citrinitas	Binah
Formative	Vau	Man	Son	Albedo	Tiphareth
Material	He	Bull	Kingship	Nigredo	Malkuth

Struggling to express this concept, Robert Cochrane visualised the vital relationship between the Father as the Old King and the Son as an eternal manifestation, an existence as alchemical as it is sublimely theosophical. With regard to the establishment and restoration of 'Kingship' through the 'daughter' who earths the Virtue of the (M)'other in *Malkuth* – the Kingdom, he saw vital application of this principle for his own occulted tradition. Within this earthly Tabernacle, the *Shekinah* completes the divine Tetrad. The *Matronit/Shekinah/Shakti* is the divine force and link between

the above and the below – propelling humankind forward through his fate towards his divinity.

She is Sophia, the Holy Spirit, force and power of Godhead. Realisation of the Grail brings freedom through gnosis, an Individuation generated in the unification of Shekinah (Soul) with Godhead (Spirit) and within Matter (the Body as temple). This understanding is very much in accord with the *Aurora* of Thomas Aquinas, who beheld Wisdom as the Beloved, the Dawn – the light within the darkness, (M)'other of all sciences (including alchemy), the Sun, Moon, and all celestial Beauty and Creation, though *not* the Creator. Our relationship with Her brings forth the illumination of apotheosis, *and* of the Sublime Creator, as external divinity.

It is thusly the rightful Pentalphic formula of *yod heh (shin) vau heh*, the shift through Her to become Adam Kadmon. The inclusion of *shin* (the *Shekinah*) is the virtue and catalyst that facilitates this transformation. Adding *shin* to YHVH reveals how the Father is empowered/transmuted into himself as the Son. Thus, four flames, plus Her three flames = 7, the heptadic; searing winds borne of arcane and distant worlds. Creation of this *Pentagrammaton* describes a universal glyph of completion, divulges 'Spirit' as the proper catalyst for growth, ascension, and realisation. *Shin* is fire the 21st letter, *the breath* of the holy compassionate, the *Ruach*, the Word, the fire of transmutation, of creation and destruction.

As light is made visible by reflection from material objects, *Kether* is made operative in the physical Universe by its reflection in *Malkuth* – Queen and Bride. *Tiphareth* reaches forth across the Veil of the Temple (*Paroketh*) into *Malkuth* manifesting the light and promise of existence. It is here we

envision and experience the (M)'other. Here is the magick circle of Heaven and Earth – spiritual and material realms in harmony/equilibrium. To aid mankind, Sophia inhabits three levels of humanity: our psyche, our consciousness, and our physical bodies. The Way of the Serpent demands ascent up the Tree. All forces of nature are at the disposal of those gifted with their manipulation. Love under Will – *Evolove!*

Gnostic mysticism maintains that the World Soul (Shekinah as the fallen Sophia), in the form of the *anima(el)* soul of man, must be reunited with the Son, the spiritual soul of Godhead. This 'marriage' leads to a 'pregnancy' in which She becomes reunited with the Father in the sphere of *Binah*, the Void beyond Time. Thus are all spheres drawn back into *Kether*, the Crown. As a point of realisation, this experience is often perceived by many modern Magi (Crowley in particular) as the *conversation and knowledge of the Holy Guardian Angel*. Conscious *ego* is reconciled with subconscious *mind* (negating conflict), to obtain Understanding (*Binah*). From this Love, Wisdom (*Chochmah*) arises. Achieved fully, one's personal pilgrimage is transcended into service through the Source (*Kether*/Godhead).

For some, this subsummation of ego into Individuation refutes and underestimates the mysticism and the beauty of an external Godhead and Creatrix. However, belief is everything, and must be a personal choice. Neither state negates apotheosis. The realisation of the inner god of the true 'self' within *Tiphareth*, central upon the Middle Pillar as the Heart of the Tree, serves only to illumine the pathway towards the ultimate *Void of Being*. Such contact is considered the Crown achievement; thereafter man aspires to retain this divine connection.

"Angels are powers of immaterial spirits"

~Thomas Aquinas

Angelic Aeon of immense time, *Sophia/el* – Angel of Wisdom – is considered the greatest angel. Depicted as Seraphim, seated upon a *Throne*, Her suffused crimson aura can be interpreted as representing Dawn, or the liminal transposition between two worlds of Heaven and Earth. Her rosy light has inspired Qabbalists, Alchemists, Theosophists and Mystics for millennia after Her demise and retreat. Many seek Her still as the Beloved, the guide and mentor of Wisdom, seeking union, a conjoining of soul and spirit within the light of Godhead. Thus, we align our star to Her emerging light. *Kether* is Pure Spirit; *Chockmah* is Spiritual Love; *Binah* is spiritual Will; *Geburah* is Individual Will, and *Chesed* is Individual Love. Recognised perhaps more easily again as the five-pointed star, the pentagram, these five Sephiroth collectively suggest the Tetragrammaton's true Virtues. Made up of the four elements plus spirit, the Pentagrammaton encapsulates this holistic perfection quite graphically.

Her Beauty is compelling, alluring, elusive, and seductive, its eternal quality draws the psyche (the soul) towards Eros (divine love), despite life's tribulations for a heavenly union. Eros is Phanes-Protogenus (the first-born revealer – i.e. Lucifer). Eros is drawn from the noetic world, hatching from His cosmic egg, a beautiful golden winged angel cognate with IAO, the Gnostic saviour God. The cosmic pulsation of the transcendent One was termed Eros (Love) by the great master Iamblichus of Chalcis, a concept fundamental to understanding the philosophy of higher magicks. Love/Eros synthesises and conjoins the higher and lower powers by marrying the noumenal and phenomenal realms into their original unity. A 'golden chain' of sympatheia,

running from the Absolute to the differentiated world of sense-phenomena, binds all things.

All forces of magick consist in Love: Trivia = Love, Faith, and Imagination.

Moreover, this makes Earth the second shrine, to which Godhead as the Father descends again and again in order for the 'Holy Spirit' (His Bride) to reside within. This was indeed a precursor of the later Judaic *Shekinah* within the Tabernacle. Consciousness of a multi-dimensional parallel universe co-existing and overlaying this Tree as Jacob's Ladder allows for expression, for intuitive assignation of emanations relevant to the praxis of this Holistic glyph. Dogma and orthodoxy are the death of *evolove*. Man is the mirror and viewer of the divine, he manifests all four worlds, providing the potential for growth. Descent through these four planes will bestow virtue upon the worthy traveller, whose gift completes the cycle of ascent.

The Four Gates of Adocentyn are guarded by Four Bestial Totems. Formed as Throne 'Angels,' these Arcane Winds each 'breathe' life into the aspirant attempting their ascent. For the European mystic, needful catharsis is the first step upon the *Mastaba of Individuation*. We ascend through absorption of the dead, of wise souls whose voices choir our own in utterance of the ineffable. The work does not provide answers, as no-one but the individual may intuit this alignment as experiential gnosis. This silent inner dialogue is the glory of the arcane. Fingers to lips. *Shhhh*.

"Then," says the writer of *The Cloud*, in delicate whisper to the bewildered pilgrim of the dearest secret of his love: "will He sometimes peradventure send out a beam of ghostly

light, piercing this cloud of unknowing that is betwixt thee and Him; and show thee some of His privy, of which man may not, nor cannot speak.”⁴

Silence is listed as the sum total of seven sacred Chaldean vowels, perceived likewise by Greeks mystics as *pneuma*, spirit, or Breath of Life. Each distinct sonic must be mastered as a tone of shadow to encompass the gulf between each step towards the paradoxical zenith of the abyss.

From the physical world of illusion, grounded in *Yesod*, we cross the bridge of consciousness held within *Da'ath*. Do we not all begin the work in *Da'ath*, the Circle of Arte, the Compass proper in all quests for the Grail? Only then, in quietude, may we perceive the Divine Dark. Silent communion is of course the highest stage of prayer – true Wisdom silences everything. Spiritual masters have for millennia taught the Way of Silence as the highest Mystery, it is the intimacy of two lovers where speech would break the spell. In this *Love (Agapae)* is preserved a liturgical link to millennia of devotional observances, sacramental *vincula*, as eternal as they are ancient. The Celestial First Cause, the divine vortex of spiritual fire, is the heart of the Universe; the divine mediating force of Lucifer as Truth and Beauty. We approach that Truth through our prayers, but it is only in leaving them behind that we reach the mystical plateau of true communion. The accumulation of such knowledge induced by our continued experiences validates authenticity.

Indeed, ‘mercurial’ eloquence is in fact *silence*, for the quick-silver tongue holds its council. A mystery understood

4. (Harl. 674, Harl. 959, Harl. 2373, and Royal 17 C. xxvii.), all of the 15th century; and two on paper (Royal 17 C. xxvii. of the 16th century, and Royal 17 D. v. late 15th century). Also known as: *The Cloud of Unknowing Anon.*

by even the most notorious exponents of the occult, Crowley too, it seems, deferred to Harpocrates the *silent* Horus. Crowley perceived the path of the lightning flash upon the Tree to be that of Silence. Expressed succinctly in the maxim, “to will, to dare, to know, and to be silent,” occultists add – to *evolve/evolove*. Silence of course refers to the phenomenal periphery, the revealed world of appearances, where experiences are inexpressible by common language. Moreover, this protects the sacred from the profane. Illusion is the tool of fear, the weapon of choice wielded by the weak. It is described by the ancient Egyptians as ‘the shining of the mouth,’ a potent phrase describing how words and lies are spoken incessantly in order to impede silence as a revelation of Truth and Beauty. Silence is the most arcane mode of transmission; as contemplation between the self and the divine it is a passive act of submission. True magickal silence is creative; talk dissipates and disrupts the flow of congress.

Mc Caughy again alludes to the ancient Judaic forms of the Qabbalah, known as Merkabah Mysticism or *Throne-riders*, which entailed a ritualised ascent, also through seven planes of being by means of talismans, signs, and passwords gained through the annealing process. These are offered in a state of self-induced trance, appeasing the seven guards, allowing passage to the Temple situated at the eighth level, and thereto gaze upon the Throne, perceived by some mystics as the 9th level. Yet no mortal may look upon the face of Godhead and live, so in humility, the penitent man averts his gaze, witnessing only the light *radiating around the Throne*. Similarities of ascent, passage, and descent are paralleled within the Egyptian *Coming Forth By Day Ritual*. Both spring from an earlier source. Later still, Neo-Platonism used philosophy to understand

these principles, rationalizing them as the emanations of God-head bringing creation to our Universe.

New levels of meaning and significances clothe the Trinity, the Tetrad, the Heptad, the Ogdoad, and the Ennead, herein expounded. Key identities clarify and illuminate mindful steps through the maze void of obfuscation. We no longer work alone, nor in the dark. Our progress is rapid and deep, escalating faster than mind itself, we may comprehend the gems it beholds. Focus is directed to the thousand petalled Lotus – the Crown (suture) that opens for the etheric body; a form utilized by spirit after death for moving onto higher planes. Achievable only by vigilant, faithful rendition of certain magickal prayers and formulae over the deceased, now seeking ascension of grace, it is a state bestowed only upon certain elected souls during a specific mystical ceremony. This etheric body retains all mental and spiritual attributes of the host; it is the habitation of the pure soul. We must note how profoundly relevant this it is to the Crown of Mithras, the Supreme Pontifex (bridge/breach) of the Mysteries of Light. We should understand these seven levels to likewise refer to those extant in life; the final Throne level is known to many only in death.

Wisdom has always nestled within the skull-cap, the favoured *cup of grace*. Sutures within the skull open, creating a 'cleft' betwixt them for the spirits to rise and meld within the ethereal forms of the 'other.' Homer records the myth of Athena's birth from the *Karenon*, a word describing both a mountain peak and the head. Zeus births Athena from his clefted cranium; the literal Crown, the glorious Virtue of Wisdom – the Word, in all three forms of Beauty, of (pure)

Love, and of Truth. Pythia straddles the cleft of Delphi, whence Apollo rises as Wisdom's heir, breathing oracle and prophecy. Medusa, likewise, spawns Her serpents. Radiant aureoles form to witness the enhancement of Virtue, a true shining, emanating forth, beaming from the ruptures, the cleft of partition, the space *in-between*.

Typically, Ishtar (Inanna), another earlier form of this wisdom goddess, rules creation from the *Kur*, meaning the Netherworld mountain plundered in Her lust for the triple Crown (*Koryphe*—rulership by right of the *Mé*). These combined myths share enough to suggest confusion has arisen, possibly due to numerous translations that cloud our understanding of the symbology and significance of the Crown, *the head and cleft* relative to the birth and to actuation of divine Wisdom 'rising' as supreme personage.

Again, She is the *Tree of Wisdom, and of Life and Death*. Inspiration is ever the domain of the divine feminine, and always She is central to all other things that may flank Her as pillars, or surround her as within a Grove. She is the pole, and the 'rider' mounts Her in vision to see beyond what mortal eye may witness. For the seasoned mystic, however, this ritual serves as a map, a causeway into the unknown, a matrix of possibilities to perceive that which lies beyond the veil, to return an oblique reflection others may then recognise as a true guide.

This codex may be considered a perception of that glory witnessed there. Cerebral inspiration for this awakening tome is finally garnered from Jakob Böhme's masterful opus *Aurora – The Day-Spring or Dawning of the Day in the East or Morning-Redness in the Rising of the Sun*, and referred to by him as a "Description of Nature (of being)" which better translates as the *Rubedo* stage. However, understanding gained at the

point at which we begin the 'real' process, is explained by Mc Caughy from that point of his own experience:

"Once the four stages/dawns ('Auroræ') of the opus are understood, according to the predispositions and vicissitudes of the theurgic cartographer (the devoted practitioner of the Arte Hermetis), and dissected in the classical manner from Nigredo, Albedo, Citrinitas, to Rubedo, one is then allowed to peek into the very body of the Obsidian Light – Fanaa & Illumination. This is not the light at the end of the tunnel, but rather the light which is the tunnel leading back to the absolute, Mater Nihil – the last key. Thus, ^(h)Auroræ is required to be presumed and deciphered as a pentalphic formula, hallowed by the quintessential presence of the Twain-Hierophant within."

Emphasising a timely reminder through a tetrad of angelic potency, whose *manifest qualities* are acknowledged and honoured, allowing the ascending soul to ascend yet further. The true 'seed of the heart' finds here its recognition says Jakob Böhme:

104. Here now is the true ground of man; observe it exactly, for it is the looking-glass of the great Mystery, the deep secret of the humanity, about which all the learned, since the beginning of the world, have danced, and have sought after this door, but they have not found it.

Observe:

107. When the Salitter or fabric of the six

qualifying or fountain spirits (which Salitter is the seventh nature spirit in the space or room of this world) was kindled, then the Word or Heart of God stood everywhere in the centre or midst of the circle of the seven spirits, as a heart, which [heart] at once replenished all, viz. the whole space or room of this world.

108. But seeing the deep, that is, the whole space of this world, was the body of the Father, (understand the Father of the Heart of God), understand the Father's body, and the Heart in the whole body did shine forth, viz. the Father's lustre or brightness, then the corrupted Salitter was affected or possessed everywhere with the light; and the Heart of God could not fly out from it, but did hide its lustre and shining light in the body of the whole deep, from the horrid kindled spirits of devils.⁵

This wonderful rapture of the final trump Böhme refers to, of ascension into Paradise, is a gift attained only by application to The Work, of an eternity of existence freed of time and death. And that day will have 'many dawns,' within many faiths and eras. It is an emotive process expressing this burning desire for mystical union with the divine as one reflected in numerous archaic Eastern religious ceremonies that celebrate a covenant with their primary deity. Mithraism, being similar in so many ways to the warrior code and tribal ethic of more ancient peoples in particular, typifies these ideals prevalent within the developing awareness of higher philosophical mystery schools of the ancient world.

142. This now is the very door of the hidden, secret Mystery of the Deity. Concerning which the Reader

5. Jakob Böhme, *Aurora*, (1649CE.)

is to conceive, that it is not in the power or capacity of any man to discern or to know it, if the Dawning or Morning Redness doth not break forth in the centre in the soul.

143. For these things are divine Mysteries, which no man can search into by his own Reason. I also esteem myself most unworthy of such a gift; and besides, I shall have many scorers and mockers against me; for the corrupted nature is horribly ashamed before the light.

144. But for all that, I cannot forbear; for when the divine light breaketh forth in the circle or birth of life, then the qualifying or fountain spirits rejoice, and in the circle of the life reflect or look back into their mother, into the eternity; and they also look forwards into the eternity.

146. Therefore I can bring it no further than from the heart into the brain, before the princely throne of the senses, and there it is shut up in the firmament of heaven; and it goeth not back again through the qualifying or fountain spirits into the mother of the heart, that it might come on to the tongue, for if that were done I would tell it with my mouth, and make it known to the world.⁶

Degrees of ascension via the strictures of Qabbala and alchemy offer an increasing awareness of this true seat or Throne of Godhead, which resides in the sweet paradisial palace of the Heart, the seat of true Mind. The Mystic has passed through seven planetary spheres to reach the Abode of Godhead. Given many names, it is commonly known as Adocentyn, City of God,

6. Jakob Böhme, *Aurora*, (1649CE.)

Field of Reeds, etc., as if the journey were to an external paradise beyond the outer spaces. Requisite wisdom, purity, and perfection imparted at each stage rendered the soul worthy to press on to claim the ultimate prize, that is, the opportunity to witness true divine brilliance, there to see and commune, face to face. The final platform offers the symbolic gift of a Crown, representing the *Uraeus*, serpent of the *Ajna*, the Third Eye, seat of true sight and wisdom.

This is, of course, ultimately declined as the Mystic, in full knowledge, accepts only the eternal light of the etheric body as their sutral Crown: beatitude without end. If any may lay hold on this *Heart of Divine Mind*, there is ground enough for an *Election of Grace* as gnostic *perfectii* – the perfected *man as god*. The Initiate becomes 'one' by absorption and reflection into the Void, saying:

"I am the shadow of my Father..."

Furthermore, within alchemy, the term INRI means: *Igne Naturae Renovatur Integra* (Nature, by Fire is Renewed in its Integrity)... an enigmatic metaphor for purification! And by that fateful *law of return*, we find ourselves at the beginning again, tracing the weave of Gnosis.





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Tackling the long and arduous task of putting words on to paper, for the purpose of this book, would not have been possible without either the active or passive support from beloved individuals who have helped me, in one way or another, directly or indirectly, throughout the years. Your counsel, encouragements and assistance was invaluable, and I wish to extend my deepest gratitude to my family, my dearest-love Laurence 'Albeda' et le Clan DeRoo, my close and cherished friends, the comrades who have been part of the musical projects I was involved in at some point or another, my brothers and sisters in-the-Arte (you know who you are), every past contributor of *PILLARS*, as well as the faithful readership of Anathema Publishing. I thank you all.

Special thanks I wish to extend to Shani Oates (Maid of the Clan of Tubal Cain), for having penned the wonderful Afterword to this book (i.e. the original Preface to the hard-cover edition), and for the insightful suggestions of edits,

as well as for having believed in Anathema Publishing back in 2015, when we first started working on *Crafting the Arte of Tradition*. Your work and correspondence is a constant source of inspiration, dearest. ~fff~

To Evan Davies, Johnny Decker Miller, and Abby Helasdottir for having helped me properly edit and correct this manuscript. I seriously could not have released this book without your most welcomed scrutiny.

To Denis Poisson (of the Foolish Fish YouTube Channel) for his wonderful candor and support of Anathema Publishing through the years, and for gratefully accepting to write the new Preface for the paperback edition. Je t'offre mes plus sincères remerciements Denis.

To Grand-Kev, for being the big-hearted lil' brother that you are, and for enabling Anathema Publishing to push forward, grow, and produce even better publications.

To Jose Gabriel Alegría Sabogal, not only does your Art deeply touch me, but what you have drawn/painted for this book baffles the mind and inflames the Soul! It provides depth, grace, and meaning to the whole. I could never have hoped for a better author-artist collaboration. It was a tremendous joy, a privilege, and an honour to have worked alongside you for ^(h)*Auroræ* these past few years, and you have my eternal gratitude.

Finally, this Work, and verily my life's Calling, could not 'be' without the ever-illuminating guidance from our Saviour in Gnosis and autogenous muse in the Mystery Arte, Lord LUXFERRE, who is the sole expression of HER force, impact,

and influence here, in-the-Now. My recognition I also wish to extend to my spiritual Ancestors/Psychopomps and to the Elders, with whom I may perhaps not share 'bloodline' bonds, but with whom, nonetheless, I share a particular connection and without whom I would have not have become the man that I am today.

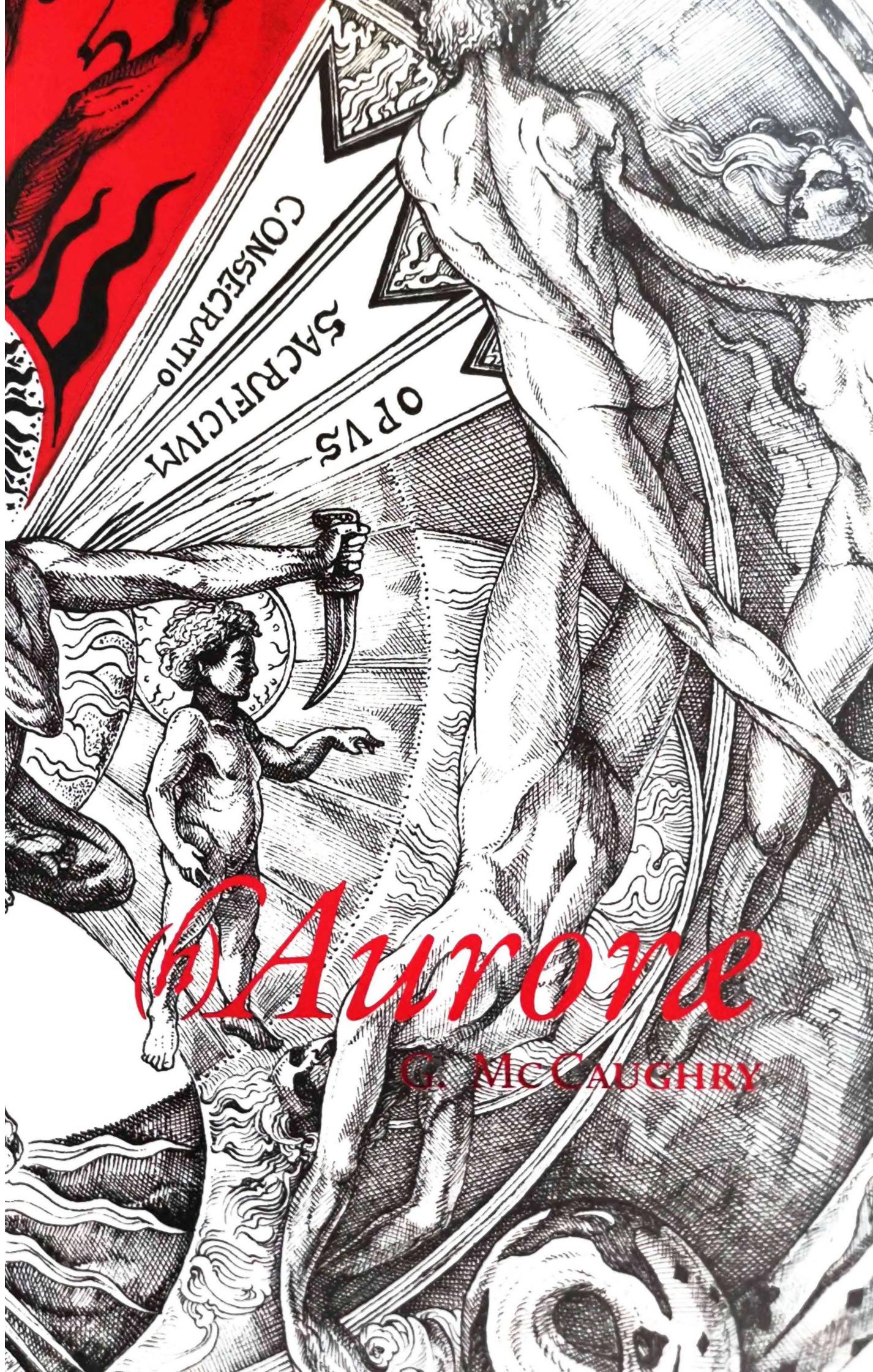
This life has blessed me with many 'gifts,' but none so powerful as the Fire burning deep within me; to have a strong set of ingrained values, a clear conscience, and the means to open my Eyes.

This life is truly precious...

~G. MC CAUGHRY

It begins with the four separate elements, the state of chaos, and ascends by degrees to the three manifestations of Mercurius in the inorganic, organic, and spiritual worlds; and, after attaining the form of Sol and Luna (i.e., the precious metal gold and silver, but also the radiance of the gods who can overcome the strife of the elements by love), it culminates in the one and indivisible (incorruptible, ethereal, eternal) nature of the anima, the quinta essentia, aqua permanens, tincture, or lapis philosophorum.

~The Axiom of Maria



Aurora

G. McCaughy